

Children of the Beast by enochpowell

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Summary: Papa never died in the school when the demagorgon attacked him; instead he lives on, simply doing his work elsewhere. When his three sons return from being sent in isolation though, will they succumb to the evil within or will they stay strong and fight Brenner's evil? Or will they tear each other apart in the process? Read to find out - very dark.

1. Chapter 1

A/N: I just thought this would be a fun idea to pursue, the story will be quite dark but there will also be some family fluff to balance it out because I'm not completely heartless.

Enjoy!

Chapter 1 – the prelude

The Falkland Islands, 2nd April 1982

The red lights flew up, illuminating the black sky, tinting the barren hills with an eerie glow of red. The rhythmic crackle of gunfire and mortars reverberated on the moors and in the air as the meagre resistance put up by the soldiers was soon crushed under the might of the invading force. The cold wind whipped and howled; no trees or bushes to catch it, no refuge or shelter for any living organism that should seek it. The scream of a missile pierced the veil of the night, the red flame illuminating the countryside yet again before slamming into its target, a sickening boom being the register of its deployment. The fighting went throughout the night, the encroaching argentine forces eventually overwhelming the small station or royal marines on the island.

"Ed! Get up! We're being invaded!" the younger brother cried to the elder.

Edward rubbed his eyes and got up from the low lying bed, the sunlight just peaking through the windows as the radio crackled in the kitchen. "I swear matt, if this is one of your pranks you'll end up in the well" Edward replied, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Luke; get up!" Matthew said, his 12 year old voice breaking here and there from the strain of him alerting his brothers. The Clansman radio beside his bed crackled into life as he pulled on the earphones to listen in.

"Echo Delta one five, this is Ulster six, do you copy over"

"Ulster six this is echo delta one five, reading you loud and clear over"

"Echo delta one five this is Ulster six, do you have any information on the current positions of the invasion force over"

"Negative Ulster six over"

"Alpha Charlie, this is Ulster six, FDA meeting at 09:00 hours at Longdon valley out"

Edward got up and threw some clothes on, light green trousers with camouflage pants and a British army insignia over his heart.

"Matthew, Luke, FDA meeting in half an hour hurry up!" he shouted up the stairs.

The two younger brothers came running down the stairs, each dressed in similar attire to their brother as they were each in the cadet association. Each one planted a kiss on their mother at the kitchen table, her glazed eyes staring intently at a corner of the room.

The trio made their way to the valley, a craggy outcrop that provided shelter was the set meeting point for the cadets in an emergency. The previous time it had been used was when their headquarters was hit with a fire and nearly destroyed five years ago. The senior officer was standing there, the major of the battalion and one of only three adults present.

"Staff sergeant Brenner, where were you?" the major asked, looking at his watch.

"The wires connecting our house had been destroyed by mortar fire in the night, I only found out what was going on when corporal smith radioed me this morning sir"

Giving a side glance to Edward, the major decided to leave it.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as I am sure you are aware; a huge invasion force has arrived on our shores and overwhelmed the Royal Marines garrison at moody brook. I can assure you this force is no minor battalion but an entire army. Therefore in the interest of safety, we

have decided to surrender. No offensive action shall be taken against them, we shall wait for the British taskforce to arrive and then work with them. I don't want any of you doing anything stupid."

His speech was met with shouts of protest, one cadet remarking about how he didn't know he had French blood.

"We have some of the finest chemists in the empire!" a cadet remarked.

"And some of the best electricians!"

"And marksmen!"

"Lads, there is no argument about this, your safety is paramount and I will not risk that!" the major shouted above the roar. "You are all dismissed"

The NCO's of the cadets met in a corner whilst the younger ones were walking away.

"We aren't going to follow his orders are we?" John said; he was a strong built corporal and one of Edward's closest friends.

"Like hell we are" Edward replied. "I'll start making the 'fireworks' and you get the guns from HQ, we can't win conventionally but we can do some damage if we learn from our Irish friends back home, I'll radio you when I get the supplies and we will meet on top of twin sisters at 9PM tonight, my house is out of the way of everyone so we can stash the stuff there, I doubt we will get searched." Edward finished, with nods of agreement from the other cadets and his brothers.

The sky shifted from a bright crystal blue to a deep mauve as the sun set on the first day of the occupation, slipping casually behind the veil of the black ocean. Red flashlights illuminated the barren peak of the small mountain as the twenty or so rebels gathered.

"Ten SLR's from the barracks, full sets of ammunition" John said, dumping a canvas bag onto the floor.

"Electrical wires and switches scavenged from some old farmhouses"

a younger cadet piped up, adding a smaller bag to the wires.

The chorus of supplies were trailed off for over an hour, Edward taking careful note of all the supplies.

"Right, I'll take all the stuff for making explosives as I'm the chemist, the guns will be distributed evenly so they don't all get confiscated and the other supplies will also get distributed as well. The first attack will be on a roadblock just north of Stanley, We'll place a pipe bomb under one of their vehicles and detonate it remotely, it should cause them to investigate it by which time we will be able to steal their supplies and be off with them.

The group nodded in agreement. Edward sighed once again, taking in the view of the sprawled out OS map on the muddy floor.

"May God help us"

The day of the attack came, the group of friends had spent the week preparing everything and communicating using their radios, the only difference being they were speaking in code. The assault started when two of the younger ones threw rocks at the barricade to distract the men there, unwilling to become any more unpopular with the residents, the troops didn't dare firing on them but instead ran after them, trying to scare them away. Luke, Edward's youngest brother ran out with the small bag in his hand and threw it underneath one of the vehicles in the blockade before running away. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him, his lungs burning with the effort before hiding in a shallow ditch in the ground, the device ominously standing still underneath the vehicle.

"The device is planted Ed, let it off" Luke said breathlessly down the cheap radio he bought for the mission.

"Hold it still, I'll wait a while longer" Ed replied over the crackly radio. Luke waited and saw the two men coming back to the blockade,

"Now Ed!" Luke cried over the radio.

The two men got into the car seemingly oblivious to the package

underneath them. Then all of a sudden a huge fireball erupted from underneath the vehicle, enveloping the driver's side with flames, the shockwave tearing it to pieces and sending a charred body through the roof of the vehicle. Luke's eyes widened in shock as the realization hit him.

He had murdered those people, two soldiers just doing their job now lay smouldering on the tarmac of the road.

"What the fuck!" He heard Matthew shout down the radio, the three being interconnected.

"You said you wanted to fight" the sinister voice of Edward came down the radio.

"That is true, but still" Matthew complained, all while Luke's eyes widened in shock.

"Do you think they would've showed mercy for mama?" Edward said down the radio "they would've taken her away and done God knows what with her!" he shouted, making Luke's heart beat faster.

"She would've been defenceless, she's getting worse by the day, and you know how recently we've had to help her get into bed now. Her illness is worsening every second."

"I know, the radio crackled, and you're right; we need to get our hands dirty to protect our home and family, right Luke?"

"Yeah... Right" Luke said, eyes still staring at the smouldering corpses on the road, now being dragged away by an officer as more troops arrived to support.

In the following days, the attacks came thick and fast ranging from spray painting "God save the queen" on an argentine destroyer to bombing another checkpoint.

"We need to do a full scale offensive on their base" Matthew said, clad in his green camouflage on the hill.

"We don't have the numbers" Alex replied, another corporal from the battalion.

"I'm not talking taking it and holding the place, just attacking and doing as much damage as possible before getting out again"

"Guerrilla warfare" John commented.

"Exactly" Matthew replied, throwing his hands in the air. "All we need is to plant a couple of bombs and when they come out to investigate, we open fire"

"And what if they fire back?"

"That's why we will be wearing our Kevlar and helmets" Matthew responded, covering for his idea.

"I think it's a good idea" a sergeant replied, crossing his arms, we will attack tomorrow night and use the night as cover to set up. The British should arrive within a week so we need to do as much damage to soften them up or at least scare the conscripts enough to surrender.

"True, all those who wish to take part raise your hand" Edward said, the official leader of the group as he had the highest rank.

19 out of twenty raised their hands.

"I am a medic, I will be there to support you but I won't fire a single round" the dissenter announced.

The trap was set; two packages had been hidden near the entrance of the barracks and the group was waiting for the sun to set once more. In an abandoned warehouse, they started to gear up. Clad in a deep green camouflage, they took hunting rifles, the SLR's they had stolen and any other firearm they could get hold of. On top of that, Molotov cocktails and homemade grenades were placed in the webbing and pockets of the boys, each ready to take on the invading force. The group left, skirting behind a ridge as cover, the night being illuminated by the odd star.

"They've tripled the security since the Vulcan bombed the runway last week" a lance corporal commented to Alex.

"Good, the more the merrier" he replied, cocking the assault rifle in

his hands and pointing it towards the base, looking down the scope.

"Are we good?" a voice crackled over the radio.

"Affirmative positions all present and correct" as thumbs up were signalled along the ridge.

On cue, the two packages explosive with great force, tearing the entrance apart and shattering windows for miles around. An ominous yellowy green cloud rose from the blast site as the fireball disappeared.

"What the hell did you put in there?" John asked on the radio.

"My usual mix with an added ingredient" Edward cryptically replied.

A solider ran to the scene, immediately falling down and clutching his throat as he breathed in the cloud.

"Now that's messed up Ed" Matthew said over the radio "gas is bang out of order".

"Too late now" he coldly replied.

"The plume cleared, a further three soldiers being dragged away from the scene, retching and holding their burning throats.

"Ready" a voice crackled over the radio as the 19 or so boys cocked their rifles.

"Fire" the order was succinct. The hillside erupted with flashes of gunfire, their crackles echoing over the sleepy town below. The first rounds hit the troops inspecting the site, twisting their bodies as the force of lead meeting flesh spun them around and made them slump onto the cold floor. Returning fire added to the frenzy as the attack continued, crimson blood now seeping over the road entry. One cadet threw a Molotov cocktail at a wall concealing some soldiers, the screams and flames indicating it had been a direct hit. A machine gun opened fire and landed bullets dangerously close to the firing positions of the cadets. It was promptly silenced by Matthew, armed with a 'borrowed' hunting rifle from a farmer. Alex continued firing at the blockade, a group of five being cut down by fire as they ran to

support the enemy troops. Red tracer rounds flew up towards them, making him duck in anticipation for the ensuing rifle fire, one bullet hit his shoulder, the searing pain making him cry out, alerting the medic to come to him.

"Shit, Shit, and Shit" he shouted, his arm numb from the pain shooting down his arm and filling his body. The medic tried as best as he could to wrap a bandage round his shoulder to stem the bleeding but it was no use, leaning forward so the medic could help him better, a bullet glanced off of the ground immediately in front of him and entered his head, killing Alex instantly. The medic took up his rifle, throwing the body aside and joined in with the firing, adrenaline and anger pumping through his veins as his lifeless friend lay close by. A further ten minutes of firing continued, machine gun fire being silenced by the odd rifle shot ringing out across the plain.

"When you get the signal make a runner" the radio crackled.

"They'll kill us outright, the rifle fire is too thick" Luke replied, bullets whizzing just above him.

"There's a distraction" the radio reassured. As if on cue, a second explosion erupted from the camp, triggering a cease in the firing.

"Run!" the radio commanded, as every cadet turned and fled down the slope disappearing from view behind the ridge. They continued to run, weapons in hand towards a group of dense bushes at the base tracers lighting up the sky behind them. The howl of mortar made each of the boys; now men, dive on instinct. The explosion made the ground shake as the ringing in their ears indicated how close it was. From the sky, body parts began to fall. More mortars were fired, landing precariously close to the retreating boys just as they made it to the cover, using a ditch as shelter from the flying fragments of metal. After what seemed like an eternity the mortar fire stopped and shouts in Spanish could be heard as the pursuit began. They left the covert and continued to run, their lungs burning and their throats raw from exhaustion. Behind them, six bodies lay blown to pieces in the field from the devastatingly accurate mortar fire. Up the hill they ran, the familiar crackle and thuds of nearby rounds accompanying them all the way up. Behind the hill someone shouted "scatter" and the group dispersed, using any land they could as cover from the fire.

Luke and Matthew slammed the door behind them, throwing the rifles and firearms in the hidden chest below the floor. They ran upstairs and checked on their crippled mother before taking off their camouflage and throwing that too in the hidden compartment.

"Where's Edward?" Luke said, worried for his eldest brother.

"I don't know, he must have gone a different way" Matthew replied.

The door slammed open, revealing a panting Edward with blood coming from his stomach.

"Hit" was all he said before collapsing on the floor, his brothers rushing to him with Matthew throwing his arm over his shoulder and carrying him into the bedroom of the one storey house.

He ripped off the bloody uniform and threw it under the bed as he inspected the deep black wound in Ed's navel. Luke gave him the emergency aid kit as he took the bloodied uniform, webbing and rifle and stashed them in the hidden chest.

"Is the bullet still in?" Matthew asked his elder brother putting some latex gloves on and taking out some pliers. A weak nod from Edward was his only response.

"Luke, I want you to sit on his chest and keep his mouth shut, use this rag to give him something to bite on" Matthew told his younger brother, as he climbed onto Edward's chest, obscuring the wound from his sight.

Matthew took the tweezers and inserted them into the wound, a groan from Edward showing the intense pain he was feeling. The metal tweezers found something hard and metallic as he fidgeted with them, the occasional jerk from the body making it hard to latch onto, eventually the grip tightened and he pulled out the offending metal, leaving a pool of blood seeping out of the wound as an indication it was all out.

"Alcohol Luke, Now!" he half shouted, as he took the bottle of whiskey and dabbed the gauze in it before stuffing the wound with the soaked one, making Ed scream in a high pitch before his body

went limp. Matthew continued packing the wound with gauze to stem the blood flow before using a bandage and wrapped round his stomach with bandages to seal the wound properly.

Matthew poured a large glass of whiskey and went to give it to a hazy Edward, before stopping suddenly.

"This is for me for saving your life" he chuckled as the glare from the elder bore into his eyes.

"Screw you" Edward croaked.

"Here you are" Matthew responded, pouring the calming drink down Ed's throat, Luke raising his head slightly so that he didn't choke. After the last of the drink slipped away, Ed fell limp and into a deep sleep.

"How did he get shot?" Matt asked

"I saw him go back for Mark, it might've been then in that field as they came over the top, probably why he was late as well"

"Yeah" matt replied, the mood growing sombre.

He poured two glasses of whiskey before giving the smaller one to his brother.

"To the queen" He said, raising the glass to his brother.

"The queen" Luke replied, before sipping the golden liquid, immediately coughing and spluttering, much to the amusement of Matt.

"You've just fought in an actual battle, with actual soldiers and still you can't drink" Matt said, laughing lightly as the mood of the room lightened.

"Hey, at least I'm not the one who got dumped for a retard" this earned Luke a punch in the shoulder off of matt. "Hey, your words not mine" he replied, taking another offending sip of whiskey, yet again coughing and wheezing as a result.

Two months later.

The group of boys met for the first time in over four months at their local cadet headquarters, with seven faces notably missing.

"You did well boys, I could have you all shot for directly disobeying my orders, but the folks back home seem it fit that you each get a medal for your heroism or stupidity, I can't really tell which" the major said, eliciting a chuckle out of the boys.

"either way, can Luke, Matthew and Edward Brenner as well as John smith step forward, all four of you have been awarded the Victoria cross for your exceptional stupidity, naturally the army doesn't want this getting out too much as it will paint them in a good light so they want a quiet ceremony. Either way, here you go." The major handed the boys small black boxes containing black crosses attached to maroon ribbons with their names and the date inscribed on them. Each saluted before returning to the ranks. "Furthermore as, somehow, you lot are technically in the armed forces, you all get the south Atlantic medal for your action" he handed out several black boxes to each of the boys in the line.

"And finally, as you are surely aware, staff sergeant Brenner here showed exceptional courage here in the field and so it is my great honour to appoint him company sergeant major" he handed Edward a cloth rank slide with a crown in a wreath on it.

"Troop dismissed" the major barked, each swivelling, saluting and leaving the door behind them.

2 years later

The funeral was short and sweet, her being buried in the Stanley cemetery near to where they had fought those years ago. It was a serene place, one of the few trees on the island standing tall in the wind, creaking softly as its leaves danced in the breeze. The coffin was lowered down into the ground, as the three boys stood at the foot of the grave, all in their smart green uniform, medals gleaming on their chest.

"What now?" a fourteen year old Luke asked the others.

"I didn't want to tell you until after, but I received a letter from father" the eldest replied.

"And..?" Matthew said, not taking his eyes off the coffin at the bottom of the hole where there mother laid in.

"He said he's finished his project and has work for us, considering we're all doing so well at school we can stay there and if we perform well enough at *their* school we can be let on to work in his lab should we please"

"So we are going to live with our father who abandoned us and our terminally ill mother when we were children? Great." Matthew said the bitterness evident in his voice.

"That's unfair, you know he works for the government in America and he had to work on the project that was very dangerous, that's why he sent us here, so we could be safe"

"Look where that got us" Luke said

"It's our only option, unless you want to go into care?" Edward said, glaring at his younger brothers.

"All I'm saying is; give him a chance" Edward said, letting out a sigh of frustration.

"Where does he even live now?" Matthew asked

"He lives somewhere in America, it's a nice place you'll like it, Hawkins Indiana I think"

"Sounds peachy can't be as exciting as this place though can it?"

"Honestly mate, I would take a boring life right about now"

"Hawkins it is then" Luke said

"Agreed?" asked Edward.

"Agreed." the other two simultaneously responded.

"Time to visit our father then" Edward stated, turning away from the grave site as the white cross that was the only earthly reminder of their mother stood to attention in the peat earth of the cemetery, the grave diggers shovelling the stuff onto the coffin, hiding it from the sight of the boys.

"Hawkins it is then" Matthew mumbled, before turning away from the grave himself, leaving Luke to watch as the final piles of dirt were unceremoniously dumped onto the grave.

Cue stranger things theme.

A/N please let me know in the comments whether you liked this or not, I know it doesn't have any of the actual ST characters in it as of yet but that was the back story behind the new characters I'm introducing and I felt as though if we didn't put it at the start it would lose something in terms of how the story developed and played through (at least in my mind that is) please review and tell me what you would like to see because at the moment I'm just exploring an idea that came into my head one day. Thanks for reading! (And I'm sorry for inflicting a 4000 word chapter on you).

2. Chapter 2

A/N: so, after one round of not having any stranger things characters in it, I think I will reassure you that this is about stranger things and not some random story that has come out of my head. Please R&R as my payment is your interaction with the story.

The sun fired its warm rays through the branches of the trees, the light summer wind causing the dappling pattern on the walls of the cabin to undulate and lurch as though it were alive. The bright blue sky hung lazily over the town, children played, cyclists cycled and swimmers swam in the area, not a stone out of place. The warm oak of the cabin creaked and groaned as a certain 13 year old girl walked out from her bedroom. Her bare feet making light pattering noises as she furtively moved around to the kitchen and opening the fridge took out the telltale yellow cardboard box filled with Eggos.

"When were you going to wake me up" a gruff voice said in the doorway to the kitchen.

"When you got up" the girl quipped, not looking away from the toaster.

Hopper ruffled his adoptive daughter's short hair as he stole one of her waffles from her plate, earning him a death glare from eleven.

"Mike is coming" she stated

"When was this a thing?" hopper asked, looking quizzically at the short brunette.

"You agreed to it last week, 'once a week on Saturday'" she imitated in his gruff voice, making the chief chuckle.

"Alright, when is he coming?"

On cue, the familiar knock on the door of the cabin signalled a presence at the door.

"Speak of the dev..." Hopper started before the door flung open and

the two teens were both flung down the stairs and onto the dirt floor of the forest.

"El!" mike said, planting a chaste kiss on her forehead before being enveloped by several more kisses from eleven herself.

"Hey!" hopper shouted, making the two teens jump from their entangled positions.

"No funny business" he glared more at mike than at eleven.

The three boys climbed down the steps leading from the plane cabin, each wearing their signature navy blue overcoat their mother had given to them many years ago. An imposing figure stood by the door leading onto the runway, his white hair standing out amongst the hats and heads of the visitors. The three marched towards the man, heads held high and glares fixed on the tall man, at about equal height to Edward.

The man extended his hand to Edward.

"My son" he said; his voice soft and quiet.

"Father" Edward curtly replied.

"My, My you lot have changed since I last saw you" he said, embracing his eldest in a warm hug as the boy stood straight and firm.

"Considering the last time you saw us I was a year old I say we would've" Luke snapped back at him, earning him a glare from the elder two.

Seeing his son's glares he started "no, your brother is right, I have not been there for you at all over the past years and I am truly sorry about that. I have supplied you with money and resources but the work I was doing was far too dangerous to consider keeping you close, that's why I sent you to the islands. But now you have reached a good age where you can, quite clearly, defend yourselves; the time has come for me to be a father once again and to show you what I have been working on all these years. I don't ask for your forgiveness as that is your decision to make, but I hope to at least have some

relationship with my children, even if they hate me to their core." He finished his speech looking down at his polished shoes. Edward went to shake his hand but pulled him close so that only he could hear what he was saying.

"I am sure you are aware of what happened on those islands and how our expertise in chemistry and science aided us" Brenner nodded. "Then I am also sure you are aware of what we are capable of" He nodded again, "Then I need not to remind you that if you hurt wither Matt or Luke they will be scraping you off of the walls for the next three months" He finished his threat by breaking the handshake and walking straight past his father, followed by his younger brothers.

The car journey was short, the buildings and huts of the town whizzing past in a blur. Edward was riding shotgun, his dark brown hair moving every so often as he brushed through it, a habit he had when he was nervous.

The brick house stood in a clearing on the outskirts of town, out of view and out of sight of anybody it was quite a way from any snooping local or any lost hiker. The place was nice, in all honesty, the ivy climbing up the walls contrasting the red brick perfectly. The wide windows letting in lots of natural light and the numerous chimneys sticking out at the top, like guns in a parade of soldiers, indicating the age of the house.

"Welcome home" Their father said, opening the door with his key and keeping it open as the boys carried their bags with them and went into the house.

"Edward's room is on the left, Matthews is in the middle and Luke's is on the right hand side. Dinner is at five o'clock and ill talk to you about your school then."

The boys shuffled up the stairs, Edward entering his room first. The deep green walls were plastered with various posters and flags from the area. A British flag twinned with an American flag hung proud on the wall above the bed, clearly an addition from his father to help him settle in. He took his bag and dumped it on the bed before taking his telescope from it and setting it up on the wide window, the lack of trees giving him a perfect view of the sky. Next he took his old

cadet uniform and hung that neatly into the closet, ensuring no creases or folds were left in the material. He took the rifle, the SLR, from his bag that he had somehow managed to sneak in and hung that on the wall above his bed as a souvenir from the war. Next came his medals, the green and blue medal shining bright next to the maroon cross, each stood proud on their mounts as he hung that directly above the rifle. A framed picture of his mother and brothers went on the bed-stand along with a framed picture of his childhood sweetheart. The rest of the day was pent moving around furniture and putting together deconstructed items, allocating them to specific points in the room. Eventually he finished, slumping down on the bed, exhausted from a combination of jetlag and the physical exertion.

Dinner was a curtly affair, the three sat at the wooden table, still unsure about their father who was now in charge of them.

"So, have you managed to move in properly?" Their father asked, met with nods from the boys.

"What do you do?" Matthew asked, looking up from his meal.

"I used to work at the lab down the road, however that project was cancelled. I know work as a doctor in the local hospital"

"What did you do in the lab?" Luke asked.

"I can't tell you that, state secret" he replied continuing with his meal.

"When do we start at school?" Edward asked, wanting a bit of normalcy in his life.

"Next week, it's the school holidays so you'll have time to go around the neighbourhood and speak to the children, even make some new friends" Brenner said, his voice hopeful.

"I've bought you some bikes, that seems to be the mode of transport around here for the kids, the store here is in the centre of town"

After the more than awkward dinner, the boys went upstairs to their rooms.

"What do you think of him?" Luke asked.

"I don't think he's too bad I'm willing to give him a chance. If he sent us away genuinely because what he was doing here is dangerous then fair enough, wouldn't you do that to your own kids?" Matthew replied.

"We shall see" Edward said, deep in thought.

"Where are you going?" Matthew asked, as his brother walked towards his room.

"To think!"

El and Mike sat watching the TV for the majority of the day, despite soaps not being his favourite thing, Mike was more than happy to sit there and watch the shows whilst El watched wide eyed and intent on the little screen in the corner of the room. Ever keeping a watchful gaze, Hopper sat in the kitchen like a hawk, every so often taking a sip of beer from the can he kept within reach. The sun drifted below the horizon and Mike kissed El on the cheek before beginning the cycle home. He walked down the dirt track leading to the road, suddenly the snap of a twig made the young teen whip round, flashlight pointed and fist raised to defend him.

"Alright mate, I'm not going to hurt you" a voice with a strange accent.

"What do you want?" Mike asked, the fear visible in his voice as he shook mildly, the events of the past two years being experience enough for him to expect the unexpected.

The figure stepped out from a bush, shielding his eyes from the glaring light coming from the flashlight.

"Who are you?" Mike demanded.

"Luke Brenner"

The name hit Mike like a sack of stones, that *evil* name echoed in his head, the memories of the school building, the white coats, the torture inflicted by that name made his blood boil.

"Who are you?" Luke asked.

"Michael wheeler" Mike replied, the anger in his voice now replacing the fear.

"What do you want?" Mike demanded yet again.

"To get into the town, I'm lost I'm afraid" the voice replied.

"How old are you?"

"14, what about you?" the voice asked

"14" mike simply stated *he's the same age as me, of course he can't be of any relation to that monster* Mike relaxed, his conclusion being reached.

"The main town is about 4 miles that way, care to walk with me?" Mike asked.

"Sure!" Luke joined him trudging through the thick mud of the path. The two walked in silence for a bit before mike spoke up.

"So I've not seen you before, are you new around here?"

"Yes actually, I've just moved from the Falkland islands to live with our father"

"I remember there being a lot of trouble down there a couple of years ago, was it exciting?" Mike asked, silently chuckling to himself as he reminisced about the events of the past few months.

"Yes, I fought in it. Falkland's defence association see, the cadets banded together and fought in an almost guerrilla war with the invaders. A bit too exciting if you ask me."

"You fought in it?" mike asked, astounded.

"Yes, as did my two older brothers, we're all were part of the cadets and we felt it was our duty to stand up and fight to defend our mother" his face grew solemn.

"Is your mother still in the islands?" Mike asked, oblivious.

"I guess you could say that, she died three weeks ago. She had been very ill for the past four years; we had to care for her every day. Drove Edward up the wall, but we still loved her."

"I'm sorry for your loss" Mike said as they fell silent for a while longer.

"What about you, anything interesting happened around these parts recently?" Luke asked.

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe me" was all that Mike responded with.

"How exactly did you fight the argentines?" Mike asked quickly to change the subject.

"We started a bombing campaign on the soldiers, Edward is very good at chemistry and Matthew is very good at shooting, as am I, so together we set up a routine. Luke would set up the bomb, I would plant it and Matthew would get rid of any nearby troops. Then, when the others came and inspected the site Edward set it off. It was quite successful, but very deadly."

"Wait, so you've killed people?" Mike asked, his eyes growing wide.

"Unfortunately yes, it's not something I'm proud of" Luke responded, looking down at his feet.

"We stole the rifles from our cadet base and off some unsuspecting soldiers, one night we launched an attack on one of their bases. It didn't end very well. Yes we did more damage to them than they did to us, but I lost a few good friends on that night, we were running down a hill to get away when they opened up with mortar and artillery fire. We didn't stand a chance." Luke finished, his eyes growing darker by the second.

"How many?" Mike asked, unsure whether he should've dared to ask.

"We killed 134 of them, or so said the official report. I reckon we got more but we will never know. They got seven of us, with an

additional 8 injuries including my brother Edward."

"What happened to him?" Mike asked.

"When the artillery fired on us, he went back to pick up the wounded and a soldier shot him in the chest as they came over the ridge, he survived but was hurt bad" Luke finished.

"You said you live with your father now, what does he do?" Mike said to change the subject yet again.

"Yes, his name is Mark Brenner and he's a doctor at the state hospital. He says he worked for the government previously but he didn't say what as"

Mikes blood ran cold, the hot feeling in his chest spreading now so that all he could see was red.

"Your father is a monster" Mike said, the outburst startling Luke.

"What?" he asked, looking at the smaller boy in disbelief. "I knew he was a bit of prick for sending us away but that's too far"

"Your father experimented on children; he tortured them and cut them open just to see what they could do"

"Great; and how do you know this exactly?" Luke asked; his fist clenched ready to knock the dark haired boy down.

Unsure whether or not he should continue and risk El's exposure he replied simply "I just know okay"

"Right... you can't leave me on that, why exactly should I believe you?"

"Because if you don't you will continue to live with that monster and he will continue to torture children and continue to..." a loud whack interrupted mikes tirade of accusations.

"Right, I'm going to give you one more chance to shut the fuck up before I put you in hospital, got me?" Luke asked a now dazed mike, the right side of his face swelling and darkening with a bruise.

"Listen here, if you get me evidence that he has done what you have said he has done, then fair enough. But if you insult my family like that, my *only* living family then you get what you deserve. Mess with us again and you *will* regret it. Until then, I'll see you about," Luke let go of mike's collar, throwing him to the ground and into a muddy puddle.

Unfinished, mike stood up and stumbled a bit before picking up the biggest stick he could find and smashing it on Luke's head. The rotten branch broke in half over his head as Luke stopped walking and slowly turned around, Mike still wielding the now useless branch. It all happened in less than a second, Luke's arm whipped round and caught mike in the jaw, shattering it. Next he caught the sloppy punch mike hastily threw at him and smashed his arm against his knee, shattering it on impact. Finally he head butted the teen knocking him out cold and leaving him on the forest floor.

Luke ran to the nearest telephone box and rung an ambulance.

"A kid's been beaten up on the forest path by Carlos road. Broken arm, fractured jaw and unconscious but breathing." He left the phone hang from the box as he trudged away from the forest, back towards his house.

"Meeting now" Luke called as he went straight past his gambling brothers and up the stairs to their rooms.

"Some kid came up to me in the forest and said our father was a monster, said he experimented on kids whilst he worked for the government" Luke said once they had some privacy.

"What did you do?" Matthew asked.

"I put him on his backside and told him to come back with some evidence if he wanted to talk to me like that again" Luke replied, sipping a glass of water.

Edward who was leaning against the doorway to the room with his arms folded asked. "I feel as though there is more to this than it seems, would I be correct in presuming so?"

"That you would, dear brother, this *kid* then thought it would be a good idea to smash a rotten branch over my head. He now has a shattered jaw and arm with a painful concussion" Luke stated in a matter of fact way before sipping from his glass once more. "Nobody talks about our family like that, even if he is the worst of it, still doesn't change that fact" Luke finished.

"What if he had done those things that kid had accused him of?" Edward asked

"I'm not even going to dignify that with a response" Luke said, shaking his head.

"If he had done those things, and that's a big if, then he would've done it for his country wouldn't he?" Edward said, unfolding his arms.

"It's still torturing a child mate" Luke replied.

"When you think of the things we have done for *our* country, that pales in comparison" With this Edward left the room, a dark feeling swallowing the room.

"I agree with you" Matthew said, re-assuring his brother.

Downing the drink in one, Luke got up from the bed and headed to his father's office hoping to find out anything about his job at Hawkins lab.

Paper after paper he filed through, mainly medical notes with Latin words he didn't understand, but every so often he would get a sheet of paper with the Hawkins lab stamp branded on it.

Hawkins lab department of energy – coffee expenditure

"Nope" he thought to himself

Hawkins lab department of energy – Donut expenditure

"\$400? How much does this man spend on donuts per year?" Luke thought to himself.

"Bingo!" Luke thought.

He began to read the passage, the flimsy paper combined with a few pictures of an emaciated girl with short hair making for shocking reading. His eyes scanned left to right and his face turned slowly into a scowl before his fists started shaking in rage. The wheeler kid was right. That man was a monster. The door opening broke him out of his anger.

"Luke, what are you doing here?" Brenner asked

"You are evil, you know that right?" he stated, his fists still shaking in anger.

"What are you talking about" His father replied, his voice cool and calming.

"Patient 011 subjected to electroshock therapy for refusing to comply, age seven. Patient 011 subjected to experimental chemo therapy – age ten. Patient 011 subjected to experimental chemical sterilisation – age eleven. Need I go on?" the fury in his eyes burned the elder man's flesh all but literally.

"Luke, you of all people should know what we have to do for our country"

"No, you are not making that comparison" he half screamed. "I fought men that had signed up with the knowledge of what they were getting up to, not torturing kids with some special abilities for the sheer hell of it!" his voice now reaching an ear piercing volume, making the walls reverberate with its ferocity. "I nearly killed a kid today, who dared to call you a monster. Now I find out that you really are one. Hell I should be the one pointing a gun at your blasted head this very instant"

"You know that won't achieve anything" a second voice spoke out from the door, making both of them swivel round. "This patient has special gifts, gifts that could bring the cold war to an end, gifts that could've saved mama and many others like her." Edward said, his

face glaring at his youngest brother.

"Why the hell should she is tortured for them then?" Luke half screamed. "Take a look for you" he threw the folder at Edward who promptly picked it up and briefly skimmed over it.

"Well well, this is pretty horrific" he said, clicking his tongue in mock disapproval before taking the folder and throwing it onto the roaring fire. "But nonetheless justifiable."

"Look at what we have done, for our country, we have killed people, we have blown their bodies to pieces and scattered them in fields, courtyards and roads. If you think this man is a monster then I can assure you the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree" this final message stung Luke, his heart growing heavy with guilt over his deeds.

"Luke, see this from our perspective, I was merely following orders to protect my country, very much like you were doing to protect yours; we are on the same side. My call to serve just materialised in a different form than to yours" the cold voice said, smooth and as slippery as a rattlesnake.

"Okay I believe you" Luke lied, shaking his father, no, the monster's hand as he slowly slipped out of the door and into the cool night.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

A/N: I got carried away the last chapter which is why so much happened in it, in reality all of that should've been read over three chapters. Also thank you to all my reviewers, your feedback does help me a lot and keeps me motivated. Enjoy!

Luke stormed out of the house, the stars being his only companion in the desolate woodland, onwards he ran, not knowing where he could or should go. His fourteen year old legs picked up a rhythmic beat, the raising of one leg coinciding with the wet thump of the other hitting the dirt ground. Eventually he came to a road, which road it was, he was unsure of which one exactly it was but he had a rough feeling where he was so he followed the empty road towards the town. The clear summer night was cool; the breeze disturbing a few dried leaves on the roadside but other than that it was silent. Luke came to a small one storey house, the lights in it warm and inviting. He strolled up the pathway painfully aware of how tired he was. With a gentle rapping he knocked on the door and a boy, no older than him opened the door.

"Hi, can I help you?" Will asked, looking at the stranger in the doorway who was equally staring right back at him.

"Yes, sorry." Luke replied, breaking out of the trance "can I use your phone please, I'm new to this area and I've gotten myself lost" His face grew red, not from the cool wind but from something else as his heart – rate quickened.

"Yeah sure come in" Will replied, not oblivious to the stranger checking him out, clearly visible by his equally blushing cheeks.

Will guided him to the phone on the side of the wall and Luke dialled his brother.

"Hi matt, its Luke, I need to talk to you immediately. Something's come up, I'm at the Byers'" household Luke said, taking note of the sign on the door. He hung the landline up, heaving a sigh of relief as

he joined Will on the couch.

"What's your name?" Will asked, offering him some popcorn from the bowl, not looking away from the movie.

"Luke" He replied, caring to leave out his surname.

"When did you move up here?" Will asked, still watching the movie attentively.

"Last week, we came from the Falklands originally" Luke revealed.

"That would explain the accent" Will replied; still looking at the movie.

"Why did you move up here?"

"Our mother died, she had been very ill for a long time and our only living family lives here, so we had to move up?"

"Who are you living with?" Will asked.

"My father" Luke let out an embittered sigh he didn't know that he was holding in.

"Is he abusive?" Will said, sensing the distaste from the other boy.

"You could say that" Luke replied, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

Sensing the conversation was at a close, will patted the other boy on the shoulder, owing him a side glance.

"I'm Will Byers; I live here with my mom and brother Jonathon"

"Nice to meet you" Luke said sincerely.

As if on cue, Joyce came round the corner with a book in her hand, seeing the second head on the sofa she froze.

"Will? Who is this?" she asked.

"Oh he's just moved to here, he's starting at school next week" Will replied, still looking at the screen the whole time trying to hide his

embarrassment in front of the boy.

"Oh okay" she replied, and continued to carry on with whatever she was doing in the kitchen, every so often casting a glance at the two on the couch.

"What do you guys do for fun around here?" Luke asked; quick to distract himself.

"We mainly play card games and board games, but we also go to the arcade from time to time" Will replied; leaving out the events of the past two years. "If you're free, you can join us one day you know" Will said, hoping the new boy would play along. "I would have to check with mike first, but I think he'd be cool with it.

"Is this the wheeler kid?" Luke asked, fearing the worse.

"Yeah, why?"

"I don't think he'd very much like to see me again, never mind become friends with me"

Before Will could ask any more questions, a loud horn at the front of the house made Luke get up.

"Thankyou for having me will, if you see mike before I do, tell him he's right" Will looked at the boy confusedly before he darted out the door.

Hearing the door shut Joyce got up from the kitchen table and sat down with her son.

"Don't think I didn't notice" she said, sipping her mug of tea.

"Notice what?" will exclaimed, turning away from the screen for the first time. She just shot him a knowing glance, making his face go a deep shade of crimson.

"What's the news?" Matthew asked as his younger brother jumped into the car.

"It's true, I found some files that showed me everything" Luke stated.

"You're joking!" Matthew replied, still paying attention to the road, Luke just shook his head in response.

"So what do we do now?" Matthew asked, his fingers tapping at the wheel as he thought.

"I don't know, just carry on as normal. He isn't doing it now and he thinks I agree with him. Another thing is; Edward's sided with him." Luke sighed before leaning back in the chair, watching as the lamp posts whizzed by.

"Well that's complicated things" Matthew said still attentive on the road.

"Let's just start school; he does do an honest job after all. What's in the past is in the past" Matthew said wisely. "If he doesn't pay in this life, he will in the next. I don't know exactly what he has done, but if it is as bad as you say then he has quite a big cheque to make up for" Matthew said, eliciting a snort from Luke.

"Come on, let's just forget about this for the time being, worrying only means you suffer twice after all" Matthew sent him a side glance.

"Yes, but I did just beat the crap out of a kid for telling me the truth" Luke said, rubbing the bridge of his nose yet again.

"Your problems not mine" was all that Matthew responded with.

"A second ago you were some wise philosopher and now you're just an arse" Luke said, smacking his brother on the arm.

"Comes with being a middle child you know? Best of both halves"

"Which half am I then?" Luke asked, already knowing the answer.

"You're the youngest, of course you're the arse" Matthew said, ruffling the boy's hair.

"Thought as much" Luke replied, gazing off into the dense woodland.

The ambulance bumped and shuddered going down the dirt track, an

unconscious Mike Wheeler groaning and wheezing with each rock, twig and branch that the van drove over. One of the paramedics in turn injected Mike with a syringe, and like that he was out.

Mike awoke to a pressure against his arm, seeing eleven grasp his fore arm desperately, as though she was frightened to let go.

"Why are you here?" he asked, still groggy from the morphine.

"We saw the lights" she replied, a dark look of fear in her eyes. "And the sirens"

"What happened kid?" Hopper asked his presence now being noted by Mike for the first time.

The flood of memories came back, the fuzz from the morphine gone as the realisation hit him.

"Brenner's alive" was all that he could muster as Hopper picked Eleven up by her waste and half ran out of the hospital. Heart pounding he drove around in circles trying to throw off any potential leads whilst a very white and pale Eleven crouched in the foot well away from sight.

"Papa died, Mike's wrong" she said, still frozen and very pale.

"I still don't want to take any risks Eleven" Hopper said, his head twisting and turning, on the lookout for any suspicious cars.

"Please don't let me go back" She said, now visibly shaking.

"Don't worry baby, I'll take care of you. They will have to get through me first, and as you've been making so many Eggos I don't think that will happen" Eleven seemed to relax at his crude form of humour

"And beside, after me they will have Mike, and I already know how much that kid loves you" He continued, El smiled weakly at the thought of Mike.

"Drop me off here" Luke said, pointing to the hospital.

"Why?" Matthew asked, confused.

"I need to make peace, wait out here I'll be max five minutes"

Luke shut the door behind him and half ran into the hospital, as Matthew pulled into the car park. The bustle of A&E caught him off guard at first, the screams and moans from the injured momentarily taking him back to that field, to the bombed blockade with the burnt men sprawled out on the road, He shook his head, suppressing the dark memories as he stormed through two great swinging doors. He found him lying behind a curtain, barely conscious. Mike saw the boy, still in his dark felt trench coat, rank slides on each shoulder, and started to panic. Was he here to tell him they had captured El and thrown her back into torture? The very thought made his blood boil.

"Here to finish the job?" Mike asked, never taking his eyes off of his assailant.

"If I wanted you dead, you would be in the morgue" Luke replied darkly.

"What do you want then" Mike asked; his voice croaky and hoarse.

"To make peace" was his response. "I don't know how you learnt that stuff about my father, but I quite frankly don't care. I found some... Evidence that made your accusations fact" Luke said, rubbing his hands together as a bad habit when he was stressed.

"Either way, I'm sorry for what I did, and hope we can start afresh" Luke said, he knew he was pushing it, but still.

"I'm in a hospital bed, because of you, and you have the guts to say that" Mike asked, his voice still croaky and sore from the pounding he received.

"I've had the guts to do worse" was the boy's dark reply.

"I'll do you a deal, I keep you updated on every detail I find out about him, and in turn we act as though this never happened. I suspect you know one of the patients of the lab" this made Mike's heart rate quicken "But I will do everything in my power to keep him from finding her, or them from finding her. I will be your spy"

Mike snorted, throwing back to a few months ago when a very similar situation presented itself. "I've been burned by using spies before, how do you know I can trust you?" Mike asked feebly.

Luke took out a folded sheet of paper from his pocket. "The file in question was destroyed by my brother, unfortunately he seems to side with my father, but I managed to save this sheet" He handed Mike the paper.

Subject 011 – Hawkins lab, DOE.

Subject's powers increase in strength when subjected to pain. Particularly electroshock therapy...

Mike read the sheet, growing sicker and sicker as he went down the sheet, eventually having to stop and vomit in a nearby cardboard bowl.

"I will see you at school" Luke said, taking the sheet of paper and leaving Mike alone in the room. He clambered into his brother's car and they sped home.

"Want to talk?" Matthew asked, after a while of silence in the car.

"Not really" Luke asked, rubbing his eyelids out of habit.

"You were there weren't you? In that field" The unspoken understanding of what the field was hung heavy between them.

"It was just the loud noises, it was only brief" Luke said, not wanting to admit to his weakness.

"I go there quite often, whenever there is a firework, that's what really gets me. One time when we were home someone shut a car door quickly and I ended up in a ditch screaming for cover." Matthew said, slightly shuddering at the memory.

"The past can't hurt us" Luke said, dodging the silent question.

"But it can haunt us."

A/N so I slowed it down with this one and took my time trying

to focus on the relationships within this chapter, particularly on the one between Matthew and Luke as that's important in the story, or at least the current version of it. Please Review because even though I had an inkling chapter two was too fast, I didn't know for sure until one of you confirmed my suspicions so Thankyou!

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

A/N: so as you can probably tell, for the next few chapters I'm going to do a lot of character development within the plot but I might revert back to the action, I'll see how it goes and how it pans out. Enjoy!

The hustle of the school drowned out the thoughts of Luke as he entered the swinging door. The staring glances of the students were more than off putting to say the least.

"Come on you fool, you've been in a literal war zone! You can handle a few snide goons every once in a while"

His self made prep talk hardened his resolve and he sped towards class. He was wearing a worn out leather jacket, with a 'Damned' band shirt underneath, his hair curly and ruffled. People back home knew he was the punk type, and in all truth most were, but here there were cliques and hierarchies and trends. Suffice to say, he hadn't made his life easy.

At last, he saw Will standing next to a locker, the friendly face attracting him, he was still at a loss as to why his heart quickened as he drew near.

"Hey" Will said, noticing him for the first time.

"Hey" Luke replied "I think we're in the same class for first" he checked his planner, cross referencing it with Will's.

"Yeah its chemistry first; Always a good one." Will commented.

"Good, it's my best subject" Luke said.

"Hey, is your friend Mike alright?" Luke asked, getting him a glance off of Will.

"Yeah, he's in a pretty bad state but he should be alright, the car hit him good"

Luke looked up, expecting Will to say something completely different. It felt good that Mike was on his side. The bell rung suddenly, giving Luke shivers and making him inhale a sharp breath.

"Hey are you alright?" Will asked sincerely.

"Yeah, it's just... nothing" Luke replied. "Come on, let's get to class" Luke said, changing the subject.

Will and Luke walked into Mr Clarke's class, the latter being held back by a meter stick.

"Hold on class, looks like we have a new member on our voyage of knowledge" Clarke said "Introduce yourself to the rest of the class" he finished expectantly.

"I am Luke Brenner; I fought in the Falkland's war as part of a terrorist group against the Argentine invaders. I was involved in bomb making and deployment as well as a raid that saw a casualty rate of 50%. I saw my eldest brother get shot in the chest and I and my other brother had to perform emergency surgery to remove the bullet. For my actions in the war I was awarded the south Atlantic medal and the Victoria cross for valour under fire." Clarke started to laugh jokingly, but the dark look from Luke made him stop immediately.

"You're joking right?" He said, looking at the boy in horror.

"Unfortunately sir, I am not" Luke finished by pulling out a military identity card that listed his actions and awards. Each exact to his account.

Luke sat down next to Will, the class of teenagers stunned silent by his revelation. Half shocked, Clarke started the lesson. "Today class we are doing about benzene rings. Who can tell me what a benzene ring is?"

Luke raised his hand lazily in contrast to Will's ecstatic response.

"Luke, yes"

"A benzene ring is a ring of six carbon atoms held together by

covalent bonds with a ring of delocalised valence electrons

"Very well done, who can tell me some of its reactions?"

Luke raised his hand again.

"Methylation with CH_3Cl and an iron chloride catalyst, Nitration with concentrated nitric acid with a sulphuric catalyst below 55 degrees Celsius, to produce Phenol you first add sulphuric acid to produce benzene sulphonic acid, then you add concentrated Sodium Hydroxide and then add distilled water to produce the phenol, to make phenylamine you first nitrate the benzene and then reduce under reflux with NaOH and a tin catalyst..." Mr Clarke stopped him after about his fifth synthesis.

"Looks like we have a very experienced member of our class here" Clarke said, looking slightly unnerved.

"What do you expect" someone muttered across the class as Luke shot them a death glare.

The lesson passed quickly by and soon the bell rung, signalling the end. Luke packed his stuff away in his shoulder bag as Mr Clarke walked up to him.

"How are you settling in then?" He asked amicably, sitting on a nearby desk. Will came up behind him.

"Good thankyou sir" Luke said formally.

"How did you know all of that stuff?" Clarke asked; his eyes furrowed in a mixture of intrigue and respect for his new student.

"My parents were both scientists, it must be congenital" Luke shrugged it off.

"Did your mother move up here as well?" He asked.

"No, she died before we left, that's why we are here actually. I'm living with my father" the word gave a vile taste in his mouth. *Monster is more fitting* Luke thought.

"I'm sorry to hear" Clarke said.

"Are you serious about what happened on those islands, did you actually fight in the war?" he asked, softening his voice.

"Yes, I did. I lost some good friends and did some things I am not proud of, but nonetheless things I had to do; to protect my home and my family." Luke finished, standing bolt upright, trying to repress the memory of Alex's brains splattered over his face as the bullet passed through his head.

"What you did was very brave, if you ever need it, my door is always open" Clarke said.

"Thankyou sir" Luke said genuinely.

The next two periods went by quickly, English and maths, both a favourite of Luke. When Lunch came, he took out his sandwich and was beckoned over by will to join his friends. Lucas, Max, Dustin and a very worse for wear Mike sat down at the table eating their lunch, or in mikes case attempting to eat, on count of his broken jaw and arm; the morphine having fully worn off. Luke looked sheepishly at the group, half waving silently.

"This is Luke, he's new and is kind of a badass" Luke replied, gesturing towards the boy.

Luke and Will sat down with the others, soon the talk started.

"So Luke" Dustin started. "Do you like star wars?"

"Yes actually, I've seen each of the movies about three times" Luke replied, continuing with his sandwich.

"What about lord of the rings?" Will asked.

"Read all of them, even the Silmarillion" Luke responded nonchalantly.

"Okay he is a bit of a badass" Lucas said.

"He also fought in war" Will drops, making Max choke on her food,

Lucas smacking her on the back to stop her fully choking.

"That needs more explanation" Max said, recovering from her coughing fit.

"We were invaded, I was in the cadets and knew how to fight" Luke stated, continuing with his sandwich.

"What did you do?" Lucas asked, as interested.

"Lots of things"

"Such as?" Dustin asks, craning his head to look at the boy.

"Making bombs, shooting at them, being a sniper that sort of stuff" Luke replied curtly.

"That sort of stuff" max mimicked.

"Did you know...?" Lucas asked getting him a punch in the arm off of Will. "Kill anyone?" the latter part of the question was no more than a whisper.

"22 confirmed as a sniper, many more in other actions" Luke said, not flinching from his sandwich.

"Is that hits or..." Dustin asks

"Kills" Luke replied nonchalantly.

"How can you be so laid back about that?" Lucas asks.

"The past may haunt you, but it can't hurt you" Luke mimicked his brother's words.

A familiar voice broke the group's attention.

"Hey Freaks, looks like you've got a new exhibit" Troy said, sneering as he said this.

"Go away Troy" Will said, not in the mood for a confrontation.

"What happened to frog face over there?" Troy pointed towards Mike,

his arm in a cast.

"I said go away troy" Will repeated more sternly.

"Shut up fairy" Troy half shouted, shoving Will to the floor.

"Is there an issue here" Luke said, standing up from his seat, glaring troy and a few of his cronies in the eye before helping a blushing Will up.

"You must be new around here, I'm Troy" he extended a hand, noting the boy's physical build.

"I'd rather not mate, you see I'm having my lunch and I just washed my hands, don't really want to shake hands with shit" Luke quipped, the other's eyes nearly dropping out and Troy being stunned silent.

"Do you know who I am?" Troy shouted; outraged at Luke's audacity.

"I think the question is; do you know who I am?" Luke asked, squaring up to the bully.

"I've heard rumours" troy said, backing away from the taller and stronger boy.

"Then have you also heard of the rumour that I planted a bomb that killed ten men?" Luke replied, still glaring Troy in the eye. "Or about the rumour where I hit a soldier in the neck from a mile away, killing him?" Luke continued, edging forward to Troy as he edged away in fear "Or about the rumour where I made a gas bomb, man you should've seen the gore they were coughing up" Luke chuckled darkly, shaking his head as Troy's face went white. "If I were you mate, I wouldn't come near me or my friends again. I'd hate for you to have an accident one night" Luke finished by gently slapping Troy's cheek twice, as the bully scarpered off into the bustle of the dining hall with his cronies.

Shocked, the others sat silently and wide eyed as Luke rejoined them, resuming his lunch.

"You didn't do all those things did you?" Dustin asked, not sure whether to rejoice or be afraid.

"No! Of course not the chemical weapon one was my brother's idea" Luke said in-between mouthfuls of sandwich. When he had finished he put his box away in his shoulder bag and resumed talking to the others. This broke the ice yet again and the group talked animatedly until the end of lunch. On the way to fourth period, Will asked Luke something.

"What was it like in the war?"

"Scary, to be honest with you, nothing was normal and everything was tilted. The worse bits were the waiting, in burnt out buildings or ditches you would have to sit there until you saw the perfect opportunity to detonate the bomb, or take the shot, but between that you just had to sit there in the freezing cold. It would let your thoughts catch up with you, let the fear catch up with you. At least when the action does kick off you feel numb. Not like in senses because everything is magnified then, but in terms of emotion. You don't feel remorse or regret; you don't feel fear or anger. All you feel is this desperate need for survival, this desperate need to kill. It overwhelms you, takes away your humanity, as though you weren't in control anymore" Luke finished his speech, groaning as the dark memories flooded back. "I'm sorry, I don't need to burden you like this Will, I don't even know why I'm telling you all this"

"It's alright, you can trust me. I know how that feels" Luke eyed the boy with dubiousness.

"It's a long story" Will admits, entering the classroom.

"Long Day?" Matthew asked as Luke collapses onto his bed.

"What makes you say that" Luke replies, the sarcasm dripping in his voice.

"What happened?" Matthew asks, moving away from the book he was reading to sit next to his brother.

"Why has the world got to be full of Dicks?" Luke asked.

"If this is some weird form of coming out then..." Matthew joked, earning a smile from his little brother.

"You're an idiot, you know that right?" Luke said, smacking his brother on the arm.

"Have any more flashbacks today?" Matthew asked, changing the subject.

"Only one, and that's when we were talking about it" Luke replies.

"Who's we?" Matthew asks, giving his brother a smirk.

"Will Byers, he's a good friend" Luke says, turning to lie more comfortably on the bed.

"Is that it, nothing else?" Matthew asks, making Luke grow red from embarrassment.

"No, nothing like that" Luke shifts so that he's facing away from his elder brother.

"Hey, I'm not blind right. I can see that you show an interest in..." Luke's sigh cuts him off.

"Listen mate, it's alright, you can tell me anything. I'm not against it personally, but I know others might be. If you want me to keep it quiet, I'll do that for you"

"You'd do that for me?" Luke asks, shifting so that he is once again facing his brother.

"Of course I would, you're my brother after all" Matthew said. "An annoying little shit, but still my brother" this earned him another punch off of Luke.

"We've been through a lot; don't act like it isn't much because it is. People have come back with limbs missing. Edward barely made it you know and we shouldn't act like it's some distant memory. Talk about it mate, if not with any of the teachers come talk to me. We've seen some messed up stuff and we must get over it together. Otherwise the black hole will get us." Matthew said solemnly, the huff from Luke being his response.

"Okay, I'll talk about it. But with a teacher first, I've had enough of

your dark humour" Luke replied jokingly.

"Come here mate" Matthew wrapped Luke in a great big bear hug before ruffling his hair and half launching him off the bed.

"Where are Edward and our father?" Luke asked, not seeing the two for a few days now.

"I don't know mate, they're probably working" Matthew said, somewhat dubious.

The cold tiles made the faint patter of shoes on them echo around the corridor, door after door zooming past as the lab coat draped man strode past them, ignoring the screams and sobs coming from some. Eventually he got to a wooden door, different to the iron ones that he walked past, and knocked.

"Come in" a voice said through the door.

"We have finished the reports on the subject, the testing was extensive and unfortunately he was exhausted to the extent where we had to put him down" the scientist said.

"This is bad news, nonetheless, we have many more subjects to learn from" the white haired man at the desk said, ignoring the suffering described on the white sheets of paper led out in front of him.

"I have a mission for you" The white haired man said "Take out subject 013. Test her next. I'll make you head of this experiment and if you prove yourself to be capable we will take it from there" Brenner said, analysing the documents on this desk.

"I shall not let you down, Father"

A/N plot twist or not, I don't know what to call this one. R&R.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

A/N: The whole idea of this story is a commentary on evil. The character of Luke, despite being one of the good guys, cannot escape the evil that comes from being associated and related to Brenner, which is why he brags about his violence and talks calmly when discussing it. The whole idea of the story is the evil within, here we have no heroes nor do we have any role models because Brenner, Edward and Luke are just as bad as each other; but their evil manifests itself in different ways. For Brenner and Edward it is the idea of blindly doing horrific acts for your country, whilst for Luke it is the fact that he isn't scared of what happened in the war he enjoys talking about it he enjoys remembering about it, despite telling other people a different story. This is a key part in the story and as you will see has massive implications for the characters in the following chapters. Aside from that, Enjoy! And thankyou to all of my reviewers!

The stuffy room in the school was designed to be comforting and yet was the complete opposite. The cream walls beckoned to Luke, staring at him like an imposing magistrate, ready to deliver the sentence. The low ceiling felt as though it was edging closer to him, closing in and swallowing him whole. To make matters worse, the teacher sat opposite him wore an expression mixed with pity, fear and false understanding. The three mixed like paint in water.

"So I get it, you fought in a war, saw some pretty horrific stuff. Why were you so calm then when addressing the class yesterday? I know some veterans from Vietnam and yet they never mention any of their action" Mr Clarke was sitting, hunched over a table as Luke sat down in a plastic chair in the sweltering classroom.

"I don't know why, if I'm honest, it's just that whenever I think about it, it does disorientate me but I don't feel scared, nor do I feel worried. It's sort of like an electricity that passes through me. For a second or two I feel invincible, almost euphoric" he finished, rubbing his hands yet again.

"So you feel happy when you think about this?" Mr Clarke asked, growing even more confused.

"In a way yes, I wouldn't describe it as happiness, more of an excitement. It's not bad but it's not exactly good either. In a way, it is euphoria but at the same time it is tenseness"

The darkness in his eyes spoke more than any words could.

Luke walked out the class, entering the car of his brother.

"How did it go?" He asked as Luke had slumped down onto the fabric seats.

"Alright, making progress" Luke lied, fully well knowing what conclusion Mr Clarke had reached.

"If you need anything, just let me know" Matt replied before pulling the car in gear. The two rode in silence for a while, the crackle of the radio playing some obscure punk music being the only refuge from the awkward silence.

The two arrived home, and Luke climbed the stairs leading to their rooms. He opened the wooden door and was met with Edward looking at one of his posters.

"Hello stranger" Luke said, dumping his bag at the door. "Where have you been?" he asked, eyeing Edward with weariness.

"I've been working at the hospital" Edward but special emphasis on the word "I'm going to university next year and I need the work experience"

"What did you do there?" Luke asked, relaxing slightly.

"Oh nothing much, pretty boring stuff, just some *tests*" the last word was cold and hard, making Luke suspicious.

"What kind of tests?"

"I won't bore you with that, they're pretty repetitive little brother" Edward said diminutively.

Edward walked out the door when his father called him from his office, leaving Luke slightly stunned at his brother's interaction. He lay down on the bed, looking at the poster that Edward was inspecting. The poster was for an old sci-fi movie about an escaped experiment. "*Strange*" Luke thought, before drifting off to sleep.

He awoke in a ditch, the same one they had taken cover in on the first bombing. The earth smelt the same and the dampness was identical. The armoured car stood still on the road, an eerie peace descending on the scene. Suddenly the blast hit the underside of the car, the lifeless bodies of the soldiers being thrown onto the road, their remains smouldering from the heat. The flames licked the side, making the paint peel as the black plume of smoke rose into the clear blue sky, branding it with its suffering. Soon the smell of burning flesh overpowered Luke, forcing him to throw up in the ditch. When he looked up, the car was intact again and then the bomb went off, repeating the scene. Then it repeated for a third time, a fourth, a fifth. The scene repeated in his head, going round into a perpetual circle until Edward shaking him in his bed woke him up. Sweat dripping off from his face and from every crevice in his body. The electricity, the thrill from seeing death, coursing through his body as the adrenaline subsided.

"Are you okay" Edward asked, genuinely concerned for his brother.

"Yeah, I'm fine" For a reason beyond him, Luke started giggling eventually developing into full blown maniacal laughter.

"Okay" his brother stated, slightly perturbed.

Lucas, Dustin, Will, Max and Mike all sat in the familiar basement, watching some obscure horror movie. Mike had been healing well, and he had now escalated to eating with only mild discomfort.

"Guys, I have something to tell you" Mike said, voice quiet from his jaw.

"What?" Lucas asked, still looking at the film.

"Brenner's alive" Mike stated, taking the wind out of the air.

"As in *the* Brenner?" Dustin asks, looking away from the movie for the first time.

"No Dustin, as in the Brenner off of TV" Lucas snapped sarcastically.

"Either way, what do we do about it?" Dustin asks.

"I don't know" Mike says "We can't exactly do anything because he isn't experimenting on anyone, so far as we know, and he just works on the hospital" Mike finishes

"So you're saying we just leave him?" Lucas half shouts, shocked.

"No, I'm not saying that. I of all of us here want him dead the most" Mike said.

"We just have our hands tied behind our back" Will says, ever the diplomat.

"Why do we have our hands tied behind our back exactly?" Max asks, speaking for the first time.

"Because he is Luke's father" Mike finished, making Will gasp out of shock and the others stare at him.

"Why didn't you tell us this before?" Dustin exclaims.

"Because this is the first chance I've been able to without worrying about being bugged!" Mike shouts, rubbing his jaw out of pain.

"Fine! What's the protocol?" Dustin asks, glaring at Mike.

"We can't trust him, so El never existed right?" and she's in hiding with Hopper still, so no mention of what she is, who she is or where she is" Mike says, shocking himself with how stern he's sounding.

"Is he a friend or foe?" Max asks.

"Friend, for the time being, but he's still a risk so I don't want to take any chances" Mike finishes.

"He seems alright" Will states, his voice slightly weak.

"He's a Psychopath" Max scoffs.

"What makes you say that?" Will snapped back at her.

"Well firstly he didn't shy away from practically threaten to kill someone, Secondly he openly talks and nearly boasts about killing and making explosives and have you seen his eyes!" Max exclaims, glaring at will.

"I've got to agree with her Will, sorry" Dustin says.

"Plus he's Brenner's kid, of course he's going to be messed up. The war and his attitude towards it just prove it" Lucas says, throwing an arm around max.

"Alright, Alright, but he still seems like a good guy" Will said sheepishly.

"What worries me is his brother, Edward. He's the one that openly agrees with what went on with the lab" Mike said

"Now that is messed up" Will said, admitting it.

"See what I mean!" Lucas exclaimed "He might be a good guy on the outside, but he is still a child of the beast, he still has Brenner's evil within him"

"And I'm anything like my dad?" Will argues, getting defensive.

This silences Lucas, partly because Will has a point, but mainly because of Will's sudden offensive.

"Your father isn't a murdering psychopath though is he?!" Dustin shouts back at will.

The group argues for the next hour, Will defending his friend with passion whilst the others attacking him left right and centre, all while Mike is trapped in the middle.

"Right, I'm off, I've got a late shift tonight" Edward says to his other brothers who were camped around the fire, reading.

"You're always there recently!" Matt protests.

"Sorry mate, I need the work experience for next year" Edward replies, grabbing his coat and a lanyard.

The drive was short but quite boring, the trees creating long shadows against the road, their blackening trunks reaching out into the sky. The car reached a wire gate, armed guards on each side and Edward pulled up his lanyard, the troops giving a nod of approval as the gate slides open. The grey building loomed over Edward, the sharp corners and clusters of satellite dishes crown its brow, mimicking and mocking the building itself, like a crown of thorns. Edward walked through the doors, the woman at the desk giving him a warm smile as he entered his office. The room was small and compact, Edward ever being the pragmatic one out of the three, and on the desk piles of papers littered it, imitating sky scrapers in some urban metropolis.

Grabbing a folder off the shelf, Edward left as quickly as he entered; reading the contents of the folder as he walked down the cold, grey corridors of the facility. He eventually came to his father's office, knocking on the wooden door.

"Are we ready?" he asked, keeping the door open.

"I expect big things from you" Brenner says, following his son down a dark corridor towards a holding place, the once barren corridor now lined with steel doors, armed guards at each. They entered a one room where five other scientists waited, standing as soon as they saw Doctor Brenner, before sitting down curtly. Edward took up position at the front of the group, standing in front of a one way mirror.

"Gentlemen, Fellow associates. It is my great honour to present to you my little project. As you aware subject 11 escaped and, to our best knowledge, died in the incident at the Hawkins facility in October last year. Nonetheless, by exposing a prostitute to the same doses of LSD as Terry Ives was and after graciously taking her newborn son into care, we have managed to induce similar powers to that of subject 11, only to a greater degree. The subject is young, but is showing promise. Given five years study and 'encouragement' it is my belief that this subject will supersede subject 11 and be a great asset to our countries defence; as I, out of all present here today, am

painfully aware of the importance of it. Anyway, we have a demonstration today; we discovered that when we pass a current through the subject, his abilities increase in strength. Gentlemen, I present to you, subject 16." Edward moved aside as a technician wheeled in a young boy, no older than seven, who was strapped down to a rubber coated steel chair. Two electrodes were attached to the temples of the boy, the technician giving the thumbs up to Edward.

"16, it's me, Mr. Brenner. How are you today?" Edward asked in a deceptively charming voice.

"Scared" the boy replied his eyes wide and his body shaking in the leather constraints.

"Don't be, I'm your friend okay. Now, one of my friends is going to bring something in for you and I want you to do something to it" the boy started shaking even more as Edward finished speaking through the microphone.

"Please no, I don't want to" the boy broke down in the chair.

"16 what have I told you, if you do not do as I say, bad things will happen to you. Mr Fish might even have to be hurt as well; you don't want to hurt Mr Fish do you?" Edward said, speaking in a warm voice, despite the chilling message.

"In fact, I will even let you have Mr Fish with you" Edward nodded to the technician in the room, who left and brought a stuffed toy fish into the room, placing it on the steel table by the boy, who's expression softened.

"Bring the cat in" The boy's face went white, as a cage containing a cat was wheeled in by a technician who placed it on the table and left.

"Now, 16, remember what I said. You don't want to hurt Mr Fish do you?" The boy shook his head violently.

"Just to be sure, my friend will look after Mr Fish and if you don't do exactly what I tell you he will have to hurt him. Do you understand?"

the boy nodded, tears streaming from his eyes.

"16. Kill the cat" Edward spoke, his voice cold and demanding.

The boy focused on the animal as it began to hiss and screech, making all the men in the room flinch, except for Edward. After a while, blood started streaming from his nose and the boy fell limp in the chair as the cat's screams died down.

"16, what did I say" Edward said with a sigh and a tut of his tongue.

The technician pulled a knife and held it dangerously close to the stuffed toy, making the boy wail and scream.

"Kill the cat" Edward said again. As the boy concentrated on the creature, Edward turned a dial on the wall next to the mirror up. An ear piercing scream came from the young boy, but he still focused on the cat. Edward kept on turning the dial upwards and upwards, the screams of the boy rising in intensity and pitch as the current passing through his body rose slowly. The cat continued to hiss and scream, before it too was howling in pain. Edward stopped turning the nozzle, but the cat's and the boy's screams kept constant, neither was going anywhere.

"Remember 16, you don't want to hurt Mr Fish do you?" Edward said with mock emotion.

The boy concentrated further, blood now seeping from his ears and nose in a steady stream. Edward jerked the dial up to full blast, as an unearthly screech came from the boy and the cat was torn to shreds, its insides being spread on the one way mirror, covering the technician and the boy in blood. Edward immediately shut down the current as the boy fell limp in the chair, An ECG machine being the only indication that he was alive.

"Well done, 16, you have done very well today and have made me incredibly proud" The room Edward was in started applauding at the display, his father patting him on that back and the other scientists shaking his hand. "Now, Mr Fish got a little dirty so he will have to go for a wash, but he will be with you when you go to bed tonight. I might even treat you to some chocolate later on" Edward finished,

the boy still limp in the chair, but now looking up and registering Edward's words. The applause lasted a while longer, the scientists going for a second round of handshakes as the boy was wheeled out of the room, dried blood on his face and by his ears.

A/N: So... Edward is purely evil and Luke is demented. I guess the Apple really doesn't fall too far from the tree. R&R!

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

A/N: This story just took a dark nose dive into the pits of hell. If you think this is your standard story of the good guys and the bad guys, you are horribly mistaken. If you think this story is about a hero rescuing the damsel in distress etc; you are horribly mistaken. This story from now on might make you want to throw the phone/computer at the wall or scream in my face until your throat's raw. But nonetheless enjoy the story. R&R! Theme song: White coats by new model army.

The two boys were in deep discussion about star trek in Will's bedroom.

"If Spock is Vulcan then why did he save Kirk and the enterprise by dying in the reactor?" Will stated, glaring at Luke.

"Spock isn't fully Vulcan, he is only half Vulcan mixed with human so he can still feel emotions" Luke replied, eating another crisp from the bowl in front of them, the TV droning on about some obscure product.

"Ah yes, but he chooses to suppress his emotions and therefore, he takes after a pure Vulcan in that trait" Will replied, smirking.

Their debate was interrupted by Joyce calling them from the kitchen to come down. "Luke your brother is here" she shouted, going to open the door with her hands covered in cookie dough. Edward was let in; smiling as though everything was right in the world as his youngest brother came running down the small corridor like passage that connected the bedrooms to the rest of the house. He rounded the corner, Will close behind and greeted his Brother before thanking Joyce and throwing a goodbye look at will, before enveloping him in a bear hug.

"Bye will" he said, taking in the scent of the smaller boy whose head was resting on his chest.

"Bye Luke, I'll see you tomorrow at school right?" he asked hopeful.

"Yeah, I'll be at school don't worry" Luke squeezed him tighter before leaving with his brother, waving goodbye at Will who was now blushing a deep shade of beetroot.

Joyce shot her son a knowing look, making the colour in his cheeks intensify further.

They drove towards home in silence for the most part, before Edward spoke up.

"You seem close to that Will" he said, giving Luke a side glance that promptly flushed.

"I don't know what you're trying to imply" Luke replies, his voice shaking slightly.

"I think you know exactly what I am implying" Ed quipped.

"Yes I am close to Will, but no we are not in a relationship" Luke sighed.

"Sounds like you want to be though" Edward observed.

"How would you know anyway?" Luke asked "I've hardly seen you since we came here"

"I'm your older brother, it's my job to know" Edward replied. "And to make your life a misery"

The two bantered back and forth, as though the facility didn't exist, as though the evil within both of them was nothing more than a fairy tale.

"What do you plan to do in the city?" Brenner asked Matthew as he drove him to the train station.

"There's a girl who's flown from the Falkland's I'm meeting" Matthew replied.

"Is this Emily?" Brenner asked, turning to look at his son.

"Yeah, how do you know that?" Matthew asked, astounded.

"You two used to play with each other when you were very little, before Luke was born. You two were inseparable" Brenner commented.

"Yeah, well before we left we had something going on" Matthew admitted, flushing a little.

"Good for you, she's a very nice girl" Brenner said, trying to be a good dad.

"Hey, I have something to show you. When I said I worked at a hospital, it's really more of a testing facility. Next year, when the time comes, you'll be able to start training to work with me if that's what you want." Brenner asked, keeping the true details of the facility a secret.

"Okay yeah, sounds good" Matthew asked.

"We can pay a short visit now if you'd like, I'll drive you to the city, and it'll be faster than the train" Brenner finished, looking at Matthew expectantly.

"Ok, Emily's flight isn't expected for another four hours so I gave some time" Matthew said with a shrug.

Brenner took the car down a gravel path and into the woodland, the trees a blur past the windows. Eventually they came to the grey building, small windows puncturing the concrete shell in sporadic intervals.

"Looks lovely" Matthew said sarcastically.

"It might not be the prettiest building in the world, but what happens inside is important for the country" Brenner said, pulling the car to park in a designated space.

The two walked through the swinging doors, Brenner nodding at the desk worker with Matthew in tow. The two walked down the familiar grey corridors and turned into his office.

"What I am about to tell you is an official state secret. The only reason why I am telling you this is because you have shown great aptitude in your schoolwork that you have been considered for a position here at the laboratory. Do you understand that under no circumstances can you tell any of this information to anyone outside of these walls" Brenner said, staring his son in the eye.

"Yes, I do" Matthew stated returning a cold and icy stare.

Brenner handed him a brown folder, pictures and reports jutting out of it here and there. Matthew opened the binder, eyes still staring at Brenner, and he began to read. The first file was all about the terms of secrecy etc and Matthew quickly flipped over to the next one. Trailing down the page, his face blanched as the paper recounted the horrific experiments performed at the lab. He continued to read, hands visibly beginning to shake, and his face growing paler with each passing word.

"Y... You experiment on children?" Matthew asked, visibly shaking all over.

"Yes, their brains are more malleable than adults so we have to start early" Brenner replied simply. "You have to understand, these children are very special to us, they have powers that no other human has control over. If we are to stop the communist threat we must use these powers to our advantage. If we don't have a first line of defence; red soldiers will be crawling over our streets within days. You of all people should now the cost of having no defence" The last line was a low blow for Brenner, winding Matthew.

"I understand, can I see the subjects?" Matthew asked, trying desperately to hide the fury and deceit in his eyes.

"That's the spirit, of course you can. Hopefully you'll be working with them soon" Brenner said, taking the bait hook line and sinker.

Brenner opened the door for Matthew as he slipped out the door and into the corridor. They turned right, their shoes echoing on the white tiled floor. They came to an armed guard as Brenner showed his name tag and escorted Matthew through the checkpoint. Matthew was taking note about what weapons the guards had and where he

could search for cover, trying to move his head as little as possible, as to avoid bringing attention to himself.

Eventually they came down to the holding cells, the row upon row of steel doors taking Matthew's breath away.

"There's so many" he eventually said.

"Yes, each one has a number and that's what we call them by, it's tattooed on their forearm" Brenner said, looking down the hallway.

Brenner walked towards one of the cells, sliding a steel viewpoint to the side, revealing a small hunched over girl lying in the foetal position on a plain wire frame bed.

Matthew acted with lightening speed. Seeing his opportunity as Brenner peered into the cell, he slammed his head against the steel door, making his legs crumple with the force. To make sure, he knelt above Brenner and slammed his fists into his head, the back of which was thudding against the concrete floor. After thirty seconds of this, Matthew got up exhausted. A pool of blood of seeping out from the unconscious Brenner, staining his white coat a vivid crimson. Matthew took his keys and opened the door, the scared girl hunched with her knees to her chest, eyeing Matthew with a fear that killed him. Dragging Brenner's body out of sight he entered the cell, the girl still looking at the pool of blood streaked across the floor.

"Hey, I'm Matthew" He introduced himself. "I'm a good guy, not a scientist" he reinforced, seeing the girls petrified expression. "I'm rescuing you" The girl softened her expression, looking as fragile as a century old glass vase. He took the girls hand, coaxing her forward and out of the cell. They moved quickly, briefly stopping at a small cloakroom to pick up a lab coat, perfect disguise for the lab. Never letting go of the girl's hand, he realised how cold she was, the shivering of her tiny body confirming his suspicions. They rounded a corner, spotting the guards at the door Matthew swore to himself.

He turned to face the girl and bundled her into a door passage way, covering her with his lab coat.

"Help! Help!" He shouted "Dr Brenner has been attacked!" the guards

turned to look at him, recognising him from before and ran down the hallway. "The cells" was all he shouted, faking exhaustion. The guards fortunately sprinted away, as Matthew watched them cautiously before talking the girl's hand once again and exiting through the doorway. He reached his father's office, ushering the girl into the warm room. He immediately reached out and rubbed her arms, trying desperately to warm her up, all while the girl stared at him with a mixture of relief and fear, still cautious of the men in the lab coats. He pulled out a drawer, retrieving a jumper from it and pulling it over the girl's hospital gown. He checked her forearm for the tattoo, 014. Remembering what his father had told him before being battered, Matthew smiled at this memory, he started to talk to the girl.

"Hello fourteen, my name is Matthew. Are you warm now?" the girl nodded silently.

He pulled out another draw, revealing a chocolate bar; he unwrapped it and gave it to the girl who looked at it suspiciously. Taking it off of her, he took one of the blocks and put it into his mouth; demonstrating to the girl what to do. She repeated and her face lit up in delight, downing the rest of the bar in half a second.

"Woah, calm down there, you'll make yourself sick" he said. The girl looked up at him, her eyes wide with terror. By the time he realised it wasn't him that she was looking at, it was too late. A sickening crack reverberated in the room as Matthew's vision went black and his legs crumpled, slumping onto the floor.

He awoke, his head thudding and pulsating with a deep pressure. The splitting headache that followed made him groan involuntarily in pain. He raised his head, opened his eyes before immediately shutting them, the bright light blinding him. After several seconds, he eased open his eyes once more to see a bloodied Brenner nursing a broken nose and what seemed like several other broken things.

"Matthew, Matthew, Matthew" he said, shaking his head in pity. "You always were the compassionate one"

"At least I'm not the sick bastard" Matthew quipped, despite still being dazed and barely conscious.

"I'm disappointed in you, I thought you would see the bigger picture" Brenner said, his voice cold and commanding.

"Just kill me, get it over with. I'll be waiting to drag you to hell down with me" Matthew smiled, looking forward to the prospect.

"No, you're my son. I would never do that to you" Brenner said, seemingly repulsed at the thought.

"Unfortunately" Matthew quipped.

"Either way, this is what you have done" Brenner flicked a switch, turning off a two way mirror, revealing 14 pinned down in a steel chair, electrodes attached to her head, blue eyes darting around the room in panic.

"You really are fucked up" Matthew said. "No wonder Mum cheated on you" Matthew grinned at Brenner's momentary discomfort. Two could play at this game.

"How is that relevant?" Brenner half shouted at his son.

"Oh it's entirely relevant, particularly because it was a black ma..." he was cut off by another smack across the face from someone standing behind him. Matthew laughed yet again, enjoying poking at Brenner's raw spots.

"I know let's talk about Catherine shall we? My sister that you forced my mum to abort when she was nearly full term. That is a very interesting conversation" The guards around him looked at Brenner, the exact response that Matthew sought to elicit. "Or even better, the girl you had killed because you accidentally got her pregnant. How old was she? Fourteen, Fifteen?" Another smack stopped his tirade as Matthew burst out laughing maniacally. If he was going to die here, he wouldn't do it without having some fun first.

Brenner looked at his son, the blackness in his eyes a now intense midnight.

"Your little stunt before has forced us to do something very bad indeed Matthew, just be aware that you caused this" Brenner said no more, turning towards the microphone. "Begin" he said coldly.

A technician wheeled in a table with knives, scalpels and blades of different natures. He stood by 14 to attention before Brenner nodded to him.

"Today, gentlemen, we are going to perform a live vivisection of this patient who tried to escape" The technician announced and for the first time, Matthew noticed the ten other scientists in the cramped room.

The technician took out the blade and cut deep into 14's skin, the ear piercing scream made Matthew writhe uncontrollably. He tried to leap up out of his seat at Brenner, but the thick leather straps prevented him from moving.

The screams lasted hours upon hours, or so it seemed. The little girl now lay strewn with blood as her organs were taken out with a methodical coldness. Brenner just watched, intrigued at the performance. The blades kept on moving, held by the adept hands of the technician, clearly practiced in the procedure. The high pitched screams of the girl eventually giving way to an animalistic gargle, nearly drowned out by the crackle of the speakers, the girls writhing and struggling also died down, until she was hanging limp within the constraints, now crimson with blood. The technician took her pulse, confirming his suspicions. He nodded to Brenner who gave the order to wheel the bloodied corpse of the girl away. When it was over, Matthew threw up the contents of his stomach that kept on coming and coming. When his throat was raw and only bile was coming up, he was wheeled out of the room; him too hanging limp within the constraints of the chair.

"What are we going to do with Matthew?" Edward asked his father in the office.

"Let him return to normal, there's no point in trying to persuade him further, he's too weak for our work. I think he has received our message and won't try anything further" Brenner finished, drumming his fingers against the wooden desk.

"Matthew isn't like that, he's too passionate. If we let him go he will only try and make our lives difficult, he will not keep quiet" Edward finished, sending Brenner into deep thought.

"So what do you suggest?" Brenner asked his eldest.

"I have a plan, but you won't like it. Leave it with me" Edward finished, leaving the office.

Matthew was being walked out of the office by two armed guards, eyes wide and unseeing, skin white with shock. The guards took him half way across the car park, Edward came up behind them. With a silent nod, he ordered the guards to release Matthew who stopped in walking.

"Hey, Matt?" Edward said.

Matthew turned around, recognising the familiar voice, only to see the barrel of a gun pointing at his face.

The shot echoed throughout the forest.

A/N: Damn. A vivisection is basically a dissection but you're alive. It's the cruellest scientific thing I can think of. Sorry for not posting an update yesterday, I was revising for my exams and didnt have time to write. R&R!

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

A/N: the formatting on the text is weird so whenever I put a page break in it doesn't show up. If anyone knows how to fix this can you leave it as a review, I'll upload this is a DocX file instead of a story file to see if it works that way. R&R!

XXX

The ambulance pulled into the emergency spot, paramedics wheeling out the stretcher, now painted with crimson blood. They tried desperately to keep the boys heart pumping, resorting to the defibrillator several times throughout the journey. Eventually they arrived and carted him off, rushing through the hospital corridors to the operating theatre. The surgeons worked for hours on end, trying desperately to stop the ragged flesh from bleeding too much. The bullet had done a lot of damage, but it could be salvaged. It travelled through his upper jaw and into the lower part of his skull, deflecting off and nicking the spinal cord before leaving through his lower neck. The mess it had made of his face shocked even the surgeons, likening it more to an injury seen in a war zone than a sleepy town in Middle America.

Eventually they wheeled him out and into an intensive care unit, the ECG machine beeping away methodically as the only sign of life. Brenner himself was taken to hospital too, several stitches as well as an assessment for concussion performed before he was allowed to leave. A message was sent to Emily in the city, telling him that he had been involved in a serious accident and that he would not be able to see her. Another was sent to Luke, who rushed out the door in the middle of a dungeons and dragons campaign, leaving the rest of the party in shock.

Emily arrived first, breaking down on seeing the lifeless body of Matthew in the hospital bed, her childhood friend now permanently disabled from one 'accident'.

"What happened?" she asked Edward, whom too was looking over his

brother like a vulture.

"He got lost and jumped a wire fence to a military facility thinking it was just a farmers fence, a guard took a pot shot at him and hit him in the face" Edward coolly replied, the rehearsed story sounding believable.

"Listen, stay at ours for tonight and we can arrange a plane to take you home if you want" Edward replied, trying to sound as soothing as possible. He hugged her arm gently, rubbing her back as he did so, her tears streaking the front of his lab coat.

"Go home, get some rest and I'll see to him. I'll let you know as soon as possible if there are any developments. I'm sure he'll want to see you first" Edward finished.

"Why would he want that?" Emily asked.

"Oh he's been talking about your visit all week, never been able to shut up about it" This made Emily smile before crying once again.

"Great" Edward thought "If she gets attached to him now, she's more likely to leave after"

"Why are you wearing a lab coat?" Emily asked pulling on the white fabric.

"Oh I'm doing some work experience at another hospital" he brushed off.

Emily hugged him once again, them being friends from childhood before she took the bus to their address.

XXX

Edward dozed off by the time Luke arrived, seeing his sleeping brother he tried not to wake him by entering quietly. Seeing his brother shook him to the core, the unconscious body was heavily mutilated by the bullet, bits of bone and flesh sticking out at random, despite the surgeon's best efforts at reconstructing the face. Sensing another presence, Matthew opened his eyes, briefly startling Luke. His brother's wide eyes and manic expression, bloodshot and raw,

staring into his soul like a panicked horse, terrified him further. Matthew started to tap sporadically on the metal side of the gurney with his left hand the right side being completely paralysed.

Luke was stunned in silence for a bit, the once loving and caring brother reduced to a shivering cripple in a moment. The once strong and protective figure, caring for Luke through the hard times of the war and afterwards with their mother, now reduced to an immobile corpse on the bed, the only sign of life being the beeping machine beside him and the tremors of his left hand.

Tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap.

The tapping had taken on a rhythmic pattern now intriguing Luke to the point where he looked at Matthew in his maddening eyes for the first time since he arrived. The eyes were brimmed with tears, but still stared into his, begging for something. Then it clicked.

Morse code.

Luke grabbed a notebook he kept in his coat and started writing down the words.

FACILITY – LAB

He scribbled down the words, correcting misunderstood letters here and there.

BRENNER – EDWARD – TOGETHER

He looked up at his brother who paused momentarily.

EXPERIMENT – CHILDREN – LIKE – FOLDER

He looked up, shocked at the silent revelation.

HELP – KILL – ENEMY

TRIED – ESCAPE – FAILED – CAUGHT

BEATEN – INJURED – THIS

WATCH – EXPERIMENT – HELLFIRE

Hellfire was a code they had used in the Falkland's when they witnessed something terrible or the damage was extreme, either on their side or the enemy force's.

EDWARD – DID... The door opened suddenly, startling Luke as he ripped out the sheet of paper and stuffed it into his shirt.

"You've arrived have you?" Edward said, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"What happened?" Edward asked, eyeing him with suspicion. He had figured out Edward was working with Brenner from the code.

"He trespassed on a government facility by accident and someone took a not so pot shot at him" Edward responded with a sigh.

"Emily came" Edward said. "She was broken" Edward said this slowly, eyeing Matthew with almost a smirk as the injured boy glared straight back at him with bloodshot haunted eyes.

"Where's dad?" Luke asked his elder brother.

"He's at home, fell down some stairs and is in a pretty bad state" Matthew's eyes began laughing momentarily lighting up.

"I'll go to him, stay here with him" Luke turned to leave as Matthew started tapping on the bed again, this time with more fury. If only Luke had heard him, the final message, the final word that would piece together everything.

THIS.

XXX

Luke half ran out the door, the reality setting in that his brother not only condoned the experiments, but was also participating in them. The horrors of that one paper he read painted stark enough pictures for him to realise the true evil his brother possessed, as though it was a current throughout the family; the only one being seemingly untouched was now lying in a vegetative state. He picked up his bike

and pedalled as fast as he could, the warm summer air temporarily calming his nerves as he re – entered the basement of the party, who were still playing their game.

"The prodigal son has returned" Dustin commented, noting his entry.

"Dude where did you go?" Lucas asked.

Luke started hyperventilating, the shock of his brother being shot, the anger being felt about the continuation, the pain of his brother joining in on them made his blood boil further, all triggering him into a downward spiral, his legs grew weak and his vision blurred until he felt the cold hard basement floor on his body with an audible thwack.

He awoke to the party circling him with concerned expressions, a glass of water lay by a table nearby and his head started pounding as he got up on his elbows, the concerned looks of his friends slightly relieved by his awakening.

"What happened?" Max asked: the redhead in her signature yellow jumper.

"Matthew has been shot, he trespassed on some facility and a guard shot him in the face, the right side of his body is paralysed" Luke took a sip from the water.

"Anything else?" Dustin asked

"There's a second lab. Edward and Brenner work there and carry on with the experiments" The group went silent and Mike's face took on a very dark demeanour.

"I don't know how Matthew found this out, but he's telling the truth, I can sense it. He told me by tapping on the bed with Morse code" Luke stared at the blank wall, visibly shaken from his experience.

"We need to warn El" Dustin blurted out before thinking.

"Who's el?" Luke asked whilst the other's punched Dustin or glared at him.

"Nobody" Mike said darkly, unflinching from his position and

beginning to shake violently.

XXX

"What do we do with this situation?" Brenner asked his son, the fire crackling in the background.

"I have told you, leave it with me" Edward coolly replied.

"What cover story have you got for this, he's survived!" Brenner half shouted, visibly getting angry.

"It is good that he did" Edward said smoothly.

"What makes you say that?" Brenner asked, taking a sip from his whiskey.

"A teenager gets lost in the woods doing something, we will leave it to the listener's imagination as to what exactly he was doing, and as a consequence jumps over the fence and is promptly shot by a guard who was patriotically doing his job in defending a sensitive area from the communists. The boy puts a brave battle in hospital, only to pass away one night. He is buried a couple of days later and that's it, plus no one goes near the facility for the next five years" Edward finished.

"A good plan, but there's one bur"

"Which is?"

"He's still alive" Brenner hissed.

"Father, you entrusted me with this and I shall say what I said to you then" Edward said coolly, sipping from his own glass.

"Leave it with me"

"You would really do that? To your own brother?" Brenner asked, slightly shocked by his son's boldness.

"I have killed before, the only difference to me is it that the blood will look similar to mine this time" Edward replied calmly.

"To kill a soldier is one thing, but to kill your own brother?" Brenner asked, staring out of the window and into the night sky.

"Don't bring the war up" Edward snapped at his father. "Besides, it's for the greater good. You told Matthew yourself that he should 'see the bigger picture'" Edward downed the rest of his drink before joining his father, their resemblance striking in the silver moonlight.

"Pull this off and you'll be the one to inherit the lab" Brenner said, staring into the moon.

"Don't worry, I'm practically a professional now" Edward quipped darkly.

"Indeed you are son, I can see you going far in this field" Brenner said, patting his son on the shoulder amicably.

XXX

Edward wandered through the hospital, hoping to slip in and out undetected. Dressed in casual clothing, no one would recognise him amongst the fray of A&E.

He walked up the familiar corridor, entering the room where his brother was at, using a butter knife to prize his way into the locked room. The lights were off, leaving only a faint glow in the room from the light in the corridor flooding through the small window in the door, illuminating only the first few feet of the room.

HE stood over his sleeping brother, his head and face wrapped in bandages of all shapes and sizes, the gentle sound of his breathing being the only thing to disturb the silence. He stood there for several minutes, taking in the sight of his brother, savouring the image. Eventually he sighed to himself and bent over; taking a fresh pillow from underneath the bed and turning the ECG machine off so any alerts wouldn't give away his presence. The familiar moon hung low in the sky, its light rays just seeping through the window as he steadied his breathing for what was about to come.

He took his brother's sleeping arm and put it to one side, barring it from access to his upper body with one of his knees. Taking one deep

breath he forced the pillow down onto Matthews face suddenly, waking the boy, and so it began. Matthew writhed and clawed at his brother with the pinned down left arm to his best abilities, his right arm lay numb and broken from the injury to his spine. He jerked and shuddered, arms and legs flailing about as he tried to get purchase onto any flesh that could give him monetary refuge. Onwards this went, the only sounds in the room being the faint commotion from Matthew's feeble attempts at saving himself. Before long his body went limp and his pulse stopped, his lifeless eyes stared up at the ceiling as Edward removed the pillow from his face. He shut his brother's eyes with his fingers and repositioned his arms and legs, making it look as though he had died in his sleep. Replacing the pillow into the area underneath the bed, he sighed one last time before gazing at the moon and leaving the body of his brother behind.

And like that he slipped into the night.

A/N: Well this took a dark turn, and I know I'm spoiling you with two chapter's but I don't know whether I'll be able to upload tomorrow so I thought I'd better give you something at least if I can't update you on the story. Stay tuned to find out what happens next! (I wonder who'll die first.) R&R!

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8

A/N: Oh damn, things just got real. If you are still with me after 7 chapters Yay! I know this is dark but I really wanted to write something that would counteract the constant fluff of most fanfics on this site and so; here I am. Post in the reviews what you think happens next and any advice/criticism you have of my work is welcome as long as it isn't just slander. Enjoy reading and I hope I haven't scared you away with the dark themes yet, there are still three more chapters to go after this!

XXX

Edward shut the door behind him quietly, the moon still shining relentlessly through the thin windows of the house, illuminating the front room in an eerie light akin to that of an interrogators torch. HE crept up the stairs and checked in on Luke to see him still awake, staring at the ceiling silently, his eyes blank and his expression nameless. He startled slightly, seeing Edward in the doorway.

"Why are you back so late?" Luke asked quietly, despite the house being empty save for the two of them.

"Matthew didn't make it, his heart gave out or something" Edward replied, his voice solemn, trying to hide the guilt he felt.

Luke threw himself on the bed, clearly broken from the news, and he slowly began to weep. Tears streamed down his face, the silent grief in the room choked the room like a thick veil. Edward turned out the room and left for his own, the atmosphere became too thick for him to bear, the guilt of his actions weighed down his heart like an anchor on a docked ship.

"*It's for the greater good*" he heard Brenner's voice say in the night, a silent thought within a silent room. His resolve hardened, remembering it wasn't for any petty reason he murdered his brother, no it was for the security of his family. It was for *the greater good*.

Meanwhile Luke wept silently in his room, cherishing the memories of his dear brother who was there for him when no one else was. He remembered back to before the war, playing games in the hills and marshes nearby Stanley, or the times during the war when his elder brother kept him calm, when even under fire; he was there for him.

The grief and the remorse, those unsaid thankyou's and goodbyes weighed down on his body, dragged him further into the abyss, his mind twisted and tainted into an unnatural creature, maddening and distorting with each passing second. His heart pounded and his brain thudded as his remorse and grief turned into white hot anger, the adrenaline coursing through his body, his breath speeding and churning in the night. He leapt from his bed and threw the paperweight on his bedside table at the wall, shattering into thousands of pieces of tiny shrapnel. He continued with his rage, throwing around pieces of furniture as though they were paper planes, the anger and fury in his veins spurring him forward.

After what felt like seconds, although could've been hours, he collapsed in the destroyed room. The broken wood and walls being the reminder of his anger, now dissipated from his body. He panted on the floor, curling into a foetal position as he broke down sobbing into the carpet. Edward came into the room, hearing the destruction through the wall and wrapped his brother in a tight hug, tears streaming down his face too. Not from grief, however, but from guilt.

XXX

Luke ran out of the house, his legs taking him as far as the edge of the woods before he doubled over, throwing up water from the exertion. He walked dazed through the roads of the small town, passing through suburbs and shops in a melancholy trance before he decided where he would go. Stumbling around he gathered his strength and started the trek to the Byers' house. The moon soared across the sky, the night still being young, casting a dark shadow onto the black earth. He came to the house, illuminated with the warmth of the lights and the love held within by the family. He knocked on the door, weakly at first, but tried again with an ounce more of determination.

Hopper opened the door, having spent yet another meal with the

family and Luke promptly collapsed on the porch, his legs crumpling onto the hard concrete.

He awoke an hour later with a concerned Joyce and Will looming over him. The concerned face of Joyce made his heart pang with grief once more, the likeness of her to his mother striking.

"What's the matter sweetie?" she asked, rubbing his shoulder affectionately.

"Matthew... He was shot... Dead" he panted, the memories coming back to him and racing through his head.

"Woah, Woah, Woah Kid slowdown" the chief said, moving besides Joyce.

Luke took a moment to catch his breath and as the panting subsided he continued with his story.

"Matthew was shot by a guard, he was taken to hospital but he died, Edward said his heart gave out or something" Luke said, his voice shaky with the grief. Joyce wrapped him in one of her signature hugs, the tears still flowing from his eyes as he embraced her yet again. No matter what the situation, Joyce could always find the compassion in her heart to help a distressed child, whether it be her own sons, a telekinetic little girl or a broken boy, whose brother had died a terrible death.

Will stood there, uncertain of what to do, before his mother shifted slightly and he too joined in on the hug, the reassuring presence soothed Luke, the smaller boy nestled into his chest as the older woman wrapped her arms around him. His sobbing eventually slowed to a dull throb as the two removed themselves from him.

"You were really close to him, weren't you?" Will said, still leaning on Luke, he just nodded silently.

"He was there when my mother died, during the war. He wasn't just my brother but also my best friend" he broke down yet again, the abyss pulling him deeper and deeper down.

Will wrapped his arm round the boy's shoulder. The once stoic and

fearless Luke now reduced to a weak and whimpering little boy, his heart ripped from him and truly alone in the world.

XXX

The Funeral was a quiet affair, the black coffin was lowered into the ground slowly whilst a chaplain said the famed words. Emily, Luke and Edward were in attendance, as well as the Major from their old cadet battalion and a few other close friends who had fought alongside them in the war. The dark looks on Edward and Matthew's faces seemed identical, both being unhinged and disturbed by the past month's events. Luke from the grief of his brother's death and Edward from the guilt of the continued experiments and from the murder of Matthew. The wake was also quiet, Brenner specifically organising it to be, so that his own son would just slip into the aether, no questions asked. Had it been a faceless victim with no relation to Edward, he would've said his plan worked perfectly. With the few goodbyes from his closest friends, Brenner, Edward and Luke left the scene, supposedly driving home.

"Luke, Edward and I have something to show you" Brenner said in the car.

"What?" Luke asked, not wanting to be disturbed from his thoughts.

"Your brother joined in on some very important work and we would like you to take his place. You have showed great aptitude in your results and we have decided to give you this opportunity" Brenner finished, eyes unflinching from the road.

"Can this wait?" Luke asked, wanting just to land on his bed and weep.

"Unfortunately, no, the work required needs to be started tomorrow. All I ask is that you see what I and your brother, Edward, do and if you would like to participate, then you are free to do so. If not, then you are free to walk away.

Intrigued, Luke agreed and the car went down a dirt track leading through the woods.

The blackening building loomed out of the treeline like some cancerous growth, sticking out of the green leaves and visible for miles around, the image made Luke gulp in apprehension. Still clad in his green uniform (only reserved for special occasions) Luke was led by Brenner and Edward into the main office. The polished shoes sent echoes around the empty foyer, the secretary looking up and seeing the three Brenner's let them into the main facility. He took his two sons to his office and sat Luke down in the chair, his brother standing beside him. The two looked at each other, Luke with apprehension and Edward with expectation as Brenner too took a seat.

"Your brother worked as part of a continuation of the MK ultra-project. Because of the project itself, some of the births that followed exhibited unique abilities that could help us with our fight against the Soviets. I am aware that you may morally object to this, however I believe you can sympathise with us when we say it is the lesser evil. This is your chance to leave" Brenner finished, looking at his son expectantly.

"I agree, I think this is the lesser evil" Luke lied, seeing the opportunity to help his friends in the struggle against them.

"good, we will show you one of our greatest assets that Edward here is co-ordinating with. He has made great progress" Brenner said as he got up.

Luke subconsciously checked his green uniform, a relic from the cadets, as he stood up. A habit he learnt from the numerous inspections he went through.

He followed Brenner to a viewing room, where several other scientists stood and a high ranking military officer sat in one of the chairs below. The officer stood up, Luke automatically saluting him, and shook the hands of the boy.

"You must be sergeant Brenner, your brother here has shown us some very promising results" the general said, making idle chit chat with the boy before the actual experiment began.

"Thank you, sir, what branch do you administrate?" Luke asked,

noting the unusual patches on his uniform.

"That's for me to know son, say, what branch do you come from? That uniform isn't American"

"I served in the British army Cadets during the Falkland's conflict, it was my brother's funeral today which is why I haven't changed" Luke curtly replied, stiffening slightly.

"I heard about that actually, it was in the paper's. I send you my condolences. Say, I recognise that medal there, what is it?" the general gestured to the chest of Luke, where his two medals hung.

"South Atlantic medal and Victoria Cross" Luke said, shooting the general an apprehensive look.

"Well I'll be damned" the general said, patting Luke on the back, his muscles tensing as he did so. The crackle of the speaker interrupted their conversation as Edward, dressed in a biohazard suit stepped into the room on the opposite side of the screen.

"Gentlemen, today we are observing subject 16's immune response to various chemical weapons. As a precaution, you will find CBRN gear in the locker to your right, and the room has been sealed and an isolated oxygen supply is being used. Nonetheless I expect all should go to plan and we should see some very interesting results. We shall start with 50ml of phosgene gas.

Edward bent over and pulled a canister out from the trolley. He placed a mask on the boy strapped down once again to a metal chair and turned the nozzle on the tank on. The boy screamed in pain immediately, writhing in agony under the constraints, the view made Luke wince in pain, trying not to give away his discomfort he disguised it with a cough. Edward shut off the gas and removed the mask, the boy wheezing and spluttering from the exposure. Slowly but surely, however, his breathing returned to normal and the red blisters and irritation from the exposure around his mouth faded in a remarkable time.

"As we can see, the subject possesses unique healing properties when exposed to blistering agents, now we shall test nerve agents" Edward

said, his voice crackling through the speaker.

He took out a vial of a clear substance with a consistency like motor oil as he presented it to the people in the room, who all shifted nervously. He placed the vial on a gas burner and attached it to the tube leading to the mask. The boy, sensing something bad, started to whimper loudly, the sight making Luke's heart burst with sympathy for the boy, desperate to help him escape.

As soon as the vapour reached the boy's mouth, he went solid. The muscles in his body contracting suddenly. The gas kept on coming, the boy silent as the nerve gas paralysed his airways. Eventually, another remarkable thing happened, what started as a twitch slowly developed into a moving hand, that movement transmuted across to a full movement of the arm. A few minutes later, the movement continued to spread until the effects of the nerve gas on the boy were no longer exhibited. The crowd started to clap as Edward took a bow. Once the applause died down, the speaker crackled into life once again.

"This remarkable subject has shown that when the Acetylcholine esterase molecules in his body are not able to break down the acetylcholine in his body, the cells responsible for his other abilities release more chemicals directly at the site of the receptors, that somehow aren't affected by organophosphates. This in conjunction with his rapid healing reactions when exposed to chemical agents means that if we isolate the cells responsible for these reactions, our troops will be immune to any chemical weapon that the soviets have." The applause grew once again, as the boy was wheeled off by some technicians. The sickening knot in Luke's stomach only grew when he saw the bloodshot eyes of the boy staring manically back at the window.

XXX

Back at their office, the three sat down in silence. Luke trying desperately to hide the sick feeling in his stomach, with Edward and Brenner staring at him expectantly.

"Well?" one of them asked, the expectation clear in their voice.

"Remarkable" Luke said, his eyes trying to hide the hate in them.

"I told you he would agree with us" Edward said

"So, can we count on you joining on us?" Brenner asked

"Yes" Luke stated, although his voice weaker this time, hiding the deceit.

Brenner stood up and shook his sons hand warmly, Edward patting him on the back and clasping his shoulders.

"May I see some of the other subjects?" he asked.

"Yes of course, you will be working with them after all, I'll let Edward take you"

"No, it's alright, I'll just ask one of the guards to take me. It'll only be short trip" Luke said, trying to hide his aversion.

"Okay, Smith!" Brenner shouted, the guard's head popped through the door,

"Take Sergeant Brenner here to the cells to see the subjects" The guard nodded and motioned for Luke to join him. They walked silently through the corridors, Luke eyeing the silenced pistol in the man's holster. Once he was sure they were out of sight from any lingering scientists he grabbed the guard's gun, pointing it at his head.

"Yep, you know what this means" Luke said, as the guard made a move to grab his radio.

Luke took the man's baton and radio before beckoning him to take him to the cells, pistol still pointed precariously at the man. A group of scientists walked past, making Luke hide the pistol in his green tunic, the guard still walking calmly forward, once they had passed again, he pulled the weapon out and they continued their walk.

Once they had reached the cells, Luke noticed another guard room. He motioned with the pistol for the man to enter.

"Everything's normal" Luke whispered darkly, the gun still pointed at him.

Sweating, the guard entered the room.

"Hey mark, how's it going..." the guard was cut off by Luke firing a single round into his forehead, the red stain on the wall spreading as the blood emptied from his head. The crumpled man sat there, slouched against the wall. He forced the other guard to sit down on the chair next to him.

"close your eyes" Luke said darkly, the man did as he was told, before Luke fired a single round into the side of his head, with deadly precision.

He took the Guard's wallet and found a picture of his wife, before planting it on the other man's body. He then wiped the pistol's handle with alcohol before placing it in the guard's grip.

"Guard A found out that Guard B was having an affair with his wife, he shot guard B and then killed himself" Luke thought, going through the cover story in his head. He took the Guards ID and used the keys attached to enter the first cell.

What he found shocked him, a young girl, no older than eleven or twelve, lay in the foetal position on her bed. Not thinking, he took her hand and left through the door. Checking the corridors were clear he took her through the fire door exit, half carrying her. They eventually made it through the door on the ground floor as he boosted her over the wire fence.

"Run, go to the big tree in the forest, I'll meet you there in a couple of hours" The boy gave her his watch, her scared eyes eyeing him cautiously.

"If I'm not there by 815, then run away, don't trust anyone" he finished through the fence and left her, the girl running away into the forest, her bare feet leaving little noise behind. Luke just sighed with relief as he re-entered the lab.

A/N: Remember to R&R! Update should be tomorrow evening.

9. Chapter 9

Chapter 9

A/N: after this chapter there's only two more left so grab hold of your seats, it's going to be a bumpy ride!

XXX

The darkness in his mind was all consuming, mesmerising to a certain degree, as it pulled him down darker and deeper than ever before. No war could do this, no unsurpassable massacre or genocide could pull Luke down into these depths. It didn't take the death of a million or even a thousand; just the death of one man, one boy, one human being. This one death threw out all of the therapy, all of the talking, all of the hope. One tiny bullet, insignificant to the world but his world to Luke, was all it took.

Lying in the forest, he was broken. Yet again the bruises and cuts on his arms from the fights, the beatings and the attacks he had both lost and won, the melancholy madness driving him further and further into oblivion. Had it not been for Will and the girl he helped escape he too would've been shot in the head like his brother, save the shooter wasn't a guard, or a soldier, or an invader; but his own dark mind, controlling his own dark hands.

XXX

The clock ticked too fast, or so it seemed, time itself had bled into a menagerie of periods and gaps; the long waiting hours creeping on Luke like a panther stalking its prey. The three of them had sat down to have a meal; the event becoming more frequent now after Matthew's 'accident'.

"There was a car crash today, three kids were killed" Edward said between eating.

Luke laughed manically, attracting worrisome glances of the other two.

"Care to explain what's so amusing?" Brenner asked, eyeing his son.

"You two are like four. One half is for the country, the other is not. One half experiments on children, the other is sorry when they die in an accident" Luke stated, fiddling idly with the steak knife.

"We need to be, the lab is the lab and the home is the home" Brenner said.

"But the evil is the evil is the evil is the evil" Luke retorted, snorting at the end.

"If I seem to remember, you work with us? Correct?" Edward snapped at his brother.

"That is indeed correct, dear brother" Luke drew out the r-sound. "But I don't pretend that my hands are bloodless, that what I have participated in and contributed to hasn't tainted my soul in the slightest"

"If you think that is what we are doing, then you are incorrect" Brenner said, looking up from his meal. "We are doing this so the evil doesn't spread. You can take that either two ways; the firstly being that we ensure the virus of communism doesn't flood these shores with the blood of its dead and secondly; so that the evil within doesn't fester and rot and consume us. You will be wise to learn that." Brenner continued eating.

"What happens when the evil does consume you" Luke continued, twiddling the knife around with his thumb and forefinger.

"Then the affected part is amputated" Edward replied before his father.

"Is that what happened to Matthew" Edward and Brenner froze, both looking at each other wearily, before glaring at Luke with distaste. Luke laughed once again manically, the shrill noise bellowing through the house, making the wooden beams creak in disgust.

"I joke of course" Luke said, sipping from his mug.

"Why would you joke about something like that?" Edward asked, still

glaring at his brother.

"Because he is dead, why does it matter? It's not as though he's listening in! Unless he is, then those little boys and girls who were given too much of this or too much of that must be gathered round like a choir ready to perform its piece, ready to burst into song when we too are amputated" Luke finished, stabbing the steak knife into the table with force.

"Why now? If I remember correctly it was you who said the experiments are immoral. Finally realised that we are related, sticks from the same tree?" Edward said, smirking sardonically.

"We are nothing alike, torture, school and a war has proven that" Luke rolled his eyes and his head on the chair.

"On the contrary, I and you are very similar. We are both capable of great things and yet at the same time are capable of great evil" Edward said, getting up and moving closer to his brother, the glare still unflinching.

"The evil within I and you, Edward, is very different rest assured." Luke quipped.

"But as you said earlier; Evil is evil is evil is evil" Edward now edged his face closer to Luke, his glare still maddening and filled with fury. "The same tar that flows through these veins, flow through yours too" Edward snapped away from his brother's face, the close distance being spread like the corpse of a victim of an explosion. Edward whipped round and stormed upstairs, leaving Luke to shrug in silence and continue eating, leaving Brenner in shock.

XXX

Luke pounded his head against the wall, the repetitive thud somewhat calming and soothing to him. Will stood staring at him, worried but at the same time slightly amused.

"Are you okay?" Will asked, getting up and stroking Luke's back.

"Yeah, I've just got a bit of a headache" Luke replied drowsily.

"I was wondering" Will lead on "What exactly are we" Luke's cheeks blushed, matching the colour of Will's.

"We're whatever you want us to be" Luke replied, dodging the question.

"We've been on dates haven't we?" Will asked

"Yes..."

"We've snuggled against each other" Will wrap his arms around Luke's waist.

"Yes..."

"Therefore, we must be boyfriends" Will said happily.

"I guess so?" Luke said, turning round and reciprocating the hug.

"So what do you want to do? Do you want to announce it to the rest of the party?" Will said eagerly.

"Yeah okay, sounds good" Luke said, looking into Will's soft brown eyes.

They edged closer, their faces nearing with each passing second until they could feel each other's breath on their faces.

A loud knock interrupted their moment, making both boys fly apart as though pulled by some huge magnet.

"That's my ride" Luke said sheepishly as he left through the door, glaring at Edward for disturbing him.

"Actually I want to walk, I'll be back by six" Luke said, getting a shrug from Edward as he drove off.

XXX

The sky slowly faded to a deep orange, then a thick hue of purple. Checking the trees and any unnatural noises behind him, Luke slowly made his way through the wood. The branches snapped every so

often under his boots, but aside from that he was silent. The furtive movements made no disturbance, not even the animals registering his presence. The Thick oaks and redwoods gave way to pine trees, the vegetation growing thicker, smothering the ground below. The branches kept on creaking and snapping with each pressing step then suddenly, a louder crack alerted him to a presence. Pretending to be oblivious, Luke went on, ears pricking for any more signs or warnings of movement. As expected, another loud crack made his hairs bristle with energy. Pretending to look at his watch, he scanned around in the glass to see the assailant, the low light of the evening making it nearly impossible to distinguish figure from fence. Another louder crack made him swivel round, knife drawn from its sheath and ready to draw blood.

But instead of a masked assailant, instead of a guard or a soldier, a scared little girl dressed in a camouflage smock and trousers too big for her stood silently, her sunken eyes staring into his, melting the iron expression he was wearing.

"Oh it's you" he breathed a breath he didn't know he was holding in.

"The girl nodded silently, her vocabulary being small, if nonexistent.

"I brought some proper food today, but also your favourite" He opened up a small pouch in his coat and revealed a packet of skittles waving it in front of the girls face teasingly. She reached up to grab the swerving bag but eventually he stopped.

"You can have these after you eat your proper food. You need to stay strong" he told her affectionately. Although Luke had never had anyone younger than him to care about, this girl, 13, was more like a little sister than anything else. Despite his age, he could even consider her his daughter to a degree.

He pulled out some tinfoil wrapped eggy-bread with some pieces of vegetables mixed in.

"Sorry kid, it's all I could find without them being suspicious" Luke said, watching as the scare little girl, her pale face with dark brown eyes and buzz cut hair, wolfed down the food eagerly, before staring at Luke with a silent message.

More

"I'm sorry little one, I really am. Tomorrow I'm going to the wheelers and they have plenty of free food so I'll bring you some more then. I might even bring some waffles" He looked at her with a smirk, noticing the girl's expression immediately light up, despite the gloomy surroundings.

"Hey" she looked at him with a hopeful expression. "You almost forgot something" he teased, bringing out the packet of skittles from behind his bag. The girl snatched the bag and ripped it open, speedily wolfing down the bright coloured orbs that she held so dear.

"Thankyou" she said feebly after finishing them in record time.

"Hey, come here" Luke said, extending his arms around the frail girl, who's size had been tripled by the warm smock she was wearing over her hospital gown. He hugged her tight, the warm embrace meaning so much to each other, her cradled softly in his arms, her arms wrapped around his neck and her legs hung limp over his elbows. Realising she was asleep; he picked her up and walked softly to the little dugout, insulated by blankets and moss of all descriptions. He lay her down in the makeshift bed, closing the roof over her to conceal her hideaway from any prying eyes. Kissing her goodnight he walked softly away, careful not to disturb the sleeping child hidden below.

Tears streaming down his eyes, he walked away from the spot, picking up pace into a gentle jog as he left the forest.

XXX

"What are we going to do about Luke?" Brenner asked.

"What do you mean?" Edward replied, playing the fool.

"He is mad is what I mean!" Brenner shouted.

"That outburst today was purely because of his grief over Matthew, the two were close" Edward replied nonchalantly.

"No, Edward, that outburst was a psychotic break down, he is evil!" Brenner shouted again, waving his arms through the air to add drama

to his piece.

"As I said before, the same tar runs through these veins as does Luke's. You might as well be the pot calling the kettle black" Edward sighed, rubbing his temples gently.

"No, he needs to go" Brenner shouted at his son.

Edward stood up, towering over his father, the darkness in his eyes giving him a domineering quality.

"Sit down Mark" Edward said coolly, dragging the chair across so that it faced him. Brenner took the seat.

"Luke is one of us, he is evil, yes, but so are we. He is loyal to our cause; he wants to strive for the greater good! Can't you see that?! He is what Matthew..." Edward choked slightly at the utterance of that name "wasn't. He isn't weak; he is strong. He is what we need for the project, he isn't a threat!" It was Edward's turn to shout, the argument reaching a boiling point as Brenner cowered in fear of his own son.

"We still have to do something about him" Brenner said ominously.

Edward drew the pistol from his belt, pointing it straight at his father's head, his hand shaking with fury. Brenner raised his hand slowly.

"My hands are already red with the blood of my trade; I need not dirty it more. I killed Matthew, my own brother nonetheless, because he was weak, he was spineless, he was a coward. He couldn't get the job done" Edward leaned in closer to Brenner when he shouted this, the spittle making Brenner wince in disgust. "Luke... Luke is a gem, a diamond in the rough. He is what Matthew wasn't. He is strong, he is capable of greatness and here you are, frightened of your own creation. It is you who is the weakling, it is you who is the coward, it is then you who turns away when the water becomes a little too warm for his feelings" the last words were said in an airy way, mocking Brenner.

"Enough!" Edward shouted, slamming the gun down onto the chair, staring Brenner in the eyes. "It is you who I should shoot, or blow up,

or stab, or gut like the spineless pig you are. Harden your resolve, don't be so weak. We can see where Matthew got that from." Edward stood up once again, running his hands through his hair.

"Let me tell you a story, about a boy named Edward" He said, pulling up a chair backwards and sitting down, glaring at Brenner and revelling in the fear he was causing him. "Now, some big bad men tried to invade Edward's home so he went out and killed them. One of his friends decided that he was afraid" Edward put emphasis on this word "And decided to run away in fear. Do you know what happened to him?" Edward asked rhetorically. "Well Edward saw the coward running over a field, but Edward was very far away. Despite that; Edward had a rifle and shot the coward dead. From a mile away." His voice raised into a crescendo. "I have no time for cowards; I was betrayed by them in the war enough times. Are you a coward mark?" Edward asked, once again staring into Brenner's eyes. He just shook his head in response, face white with fear.

"Good, because I don't want to have to open your skull like I did to that poor little boy now do I?" Edward asked, drawing his knife and tracing the point down the side of Brenner's clearly sweaty face.

"If you want to kill Luke, Just be aware that at that point you have become a coward, and we both know what happens to cowards" Edward got up off the chair before walking through the door leading to the landing.

"Goodnight Mark!" he shouted before heading upstairs laughing maniacally.

Nobody noticed the trembling figure of Luke in the shadows, wanting to kill both of the demons within that room.

Edward Killed Matthew

The thought coursed through his head, eventually filling it entirely.

His blood boiled in his veins, his black eyes now going red.

XXX

A/N: Defecation has hit the ventilation. This is going far darker

than what I had originally planned but I like it. R&R!

10. Chapter 10

Chapter 10: the penultimate peril

A/N: This is the penultimate chapter and it is going to be dark. This and the final one will include lots of death and suffering and if you're uncomfortable with that then you might as well save yourself the effort and the nightmares, also well done on getting it this far. This story turned out way darker than I originally planned but in the end I think it's a good type of dark, counteracts the fluffiness of most stories for this fandom. Either way, please can you review to see if I can modify my writing style at all or if you would like anything else from me (I can do light hearted stuff, I'm not just a cold hearted monster) and comment who you'll think will die in the next chapter. Warning, standard stuff, might be a bit more violent but nothing you shouldn't be able to handle if you've made it this far. Enjoy and R&R!

XXX

The familiar trees stood silently at attention as he half stumbled through the dark forest, a thick fog hanging low by his shins as he waded through it, the events of the night clouding his head like a thick veil, impenetrable to see through and all enclosing. He walked and walked, the cool air drying his face but leaving it raw and chapped. The familiar noises coming from the Byers' household were relieving to say the least. He knocked on the familiar door and Mike answered it, his face not registering the battering he received from the very same boy who stood in the porch currently a few months ago.

"I have news" Luke said solemnly

Mike stepped aside, letting him in, the greatcoat he was wearing was unceremoniously dumped on a chair before he took a seat, the party looking at him expectantly.

"What's the matter" Will said, breaking the silence for once.

"You all know what happened to Matthew right?" the party nodded in recollection. "Well, turns out it wasn't a guard that shot him, it was Edward, my eldest brother" he said this with a huff; a mixture of resignation and frustration amalgamating together to create a dark tone.

"So your brother killed your other brother?" Dustin said, trying to make sense.

"Under the orders of Brenner" He finished, the statement taking the wind out of the room.

"Well that's fucked up" Dustin stated loudly, earning him glances from the others.

"And here's me thinking I had a dysfunctional family" Max said, the others glaring at her intensely.

"What, I thought it would lighten the mood" Max said, throwing her hands up in the air innocently.

"What do you plan to do?" Mike said seriously.

"He needs to die, both of them do. The only thing is; after that I cannot see a future for me. Its MAD, mutually assured destruction" Luke chuckled darkly to himself at the thought.

"So don't kill them, just drive them out of town and go into care" Lucas said.

"Easier said than done, there's another factor as well, the lab that was shut down isn't the only one. There are experiments taking place at a bigger facility with more subjects. They asked me to participate and I agreed so I could spy on them and help the kids in there. I helped one escape and she's hiding in the forest at an undisclosed location" Luke said, rubbing his temples with the stress.

"Wait, so more of that shit is going on?" Lucas asked, flabbergasted.

"Unfortunately so, but I have a plan to stop that" Luke said, looking up from his hands again.

"And that is exactly?" Dustin asked

"I need time to flesh it out just... Leave it with me"

XXX

Luke and Will stood on their porch, the silence between them growing awkward.

"So I'll see you tomorrow?" Will asked hopefully.

"Yeah, meet me at Benny's Burger's at Eleven" Luke said, hugging Will that bit more tightly before heading home.

Halfway back, Luke got a suspicious feeling in his gut, like a knot turning and convulsing within him. He glanced over his shoulder, familiar with the feeling of being watched constantly and never enjoying it for a second.

He picked up his pace, his heart pounding in his ears now as the feeling grew, the knot speeding up its convulsions and making him feel sick with worry. He glanced again, the panic beginning to set in. Seeing his opportunity, he went for it. He took a sharp right down an alleyway before climbing up some steel stairs up a brick building, crouching down and watching intently for any signs of a follower.

Surely enough, two men with auspicious clothing walked up the alleyway, shoulder to shoulder looking about themselves.

"Where is he?" one of them whispered audibly to the others.

"I don't know, kid probably got spooked, let him be; we've got tomorrow" with that the two men walked back down the alley and drove away in a black car with no number plates.

Luke was being followed.

XXX

The next day he took an alternative, if convoluted, way to get to Benny's burgers. When he arrived he found Will waiting in the car park adjacent to it.

"Hey will" he said, trying to hide the paranoia.

"Hey Luke, want to eat?" Will replied, looking flustered.

The two walked up to the counter, the familiar bell ringing as they walked in being a comfort to them both.

"Can we have two cheeseburgers and a plate of waffles to share" Luke asked, smirking at will.

For a few minutes, the couple ate their food in silence, all memories of the lab, the death and the pain of the past few months leaving them instantly as they silently enjoyed each other's company. When they started on the plate of waffles, Luke took a spoonful of the cream, looked at it before dotting it on Will's nose, who looked up shocked before both burst out laughing. Clutching his sides Will wiped away a stray tear before calming down.

"I wish I could do this every day" Luke said dreamily.

"We can do you know, forget about the lab, the war and your family. We could be together like a normal couple" will said hopefully.

"You and I both know that we are no normal couple" Luke said, sounding harsh even to himself.

"What's that got to do with it?" Will snapped, equally as harsh.

"You're right, I'm sorry. Old habits never die" Luke admitted feeling slightly sheepish.

He glanced over will's shoulder, noticing a black car on the opposite side of the road with blacked out windows looking particularly suspicious.

"Hey Will, I've got something to tell you" he took the boys hand and walked him out of the booth and outside into the car park.

"Don't look too scared but there's someone from the labs watching us; keep your eyes on me" he looked into the golden brown eyes of the boy, perfectly contrasting his cold grey orbs.

"Luke, what's the matter?" he asked, still looking at him concernedly.

"Listen, I won't be able to take care of 13 because I'm being followed. You're not at the moment and I doubt they will follow you. They're keeping tabs on me because they think I might betray them" Luke said, cupping the boy's cheek with his hand. "Just remember these co-ordinates; 39.045057, -86.241579, look under the tree and give her skittles; those are her favourite"

"How do you know that they won't follow me there" Will said, his eyes not flinching from the taller boy's.

"Because they won't think of you as a threat if I do this" Luke leant down towards Will and kissed him gently, Will immediately wrapping his arms around the other's back and deepening it, drawing out the display of affection for as long as possible. Partly because he knew they were being watched and he wanted it to be believable, but mainly because he wanted the fireworks going off in his stomach to last as long as possible.

Breaking the kiss, Luke stared deeply into Will's eyes, who were returning the action. Both boys were mesmerised by each other; not flinching for a second as they soaked up each other's faces, committing them to memory. It was a long time they stood there before Will wrapped his arms around Luke's neck and brought him into another kiss, this time lasting even longer than the previous.

"Go home, stay at home and leave after dark. Please Will, I need you to help her" Luke said, shaking him by the shoulders lightly.

"I will, don't worry" he replied, still gazing intently into Luke's eyes.

XXX

The two walked home hand in hand, the warm day bringing all the colours of the flowers out, making them shine and sparkle like a thousand candles.

"Can I use your shed?" Luke asked.

"What for?" Will replied.

"Some unfinished business, it's probably best you don't know" Luke said.

"Okay... Just don't hide any bodies in there" Will said, bumping into Luke lightly.

The two made their way back to the house and found it deserted, Will showed him to the shed, unveiling it like a master architect as the soft wind made the wooden structure creak and groan.

"This will be perfect" Luke said, before rolling his sleeves up and getting to work.

XXX

Five hours later, the finished product lay on the work bench, inconspicuous looking but deadly nonetheless. A briefcase filled with explosives was what Luke had made, specific with the intention to put an end to the monster.

"Who's that for?" Will said, looking slightly scared at the device in front of him.

"Brenner and Edward; they have killed everything that I hold dear. If I put it in the right spot, it could help some of the children escape as well" Luke said darkly, coldly calculating the damage the blast will do to the building.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Will asked, slightly disturbed at the extremes his boyfriend was willing to go for vengeance.

"It's my only option." Luke replied solemnly.

"No it isn't, we could run away with each other, forget about the lab and the war. Just us and thirteen" Will said, taking Luke's hands this time.

"You know as well as I that that isn't possible"

"And you know as well as I that it is possible" Will said, leaning in to kiss Luke on the cheek once more.

"I love you" Luke said, letting it slip out before he realised what he was doing.

"I love you too Luke, which is why I want us to forget about all of this and move on with our lives; so we can grow old together and do everything a normal couple does. Please Luke, I ask this of you now so we can be together" Will finished this with tears brimming in his eyes, hand cupping the face of the taller boy.

"I need these men dead, Will, if not they will continue to torture those children in that place and if I could've stopped it but didn't I would never be able to live with myself. I need this for some peace" Luke said, pleading desperately with Will.

"How about this, once everything is done, you and I will forget about the war, the lab and everything along with it. After this final peril we will live happily ever after and we can kiss and hug as much as you want. But until then, will, I can't live with myself unless I do something to stop them from hurting those children."

Will started sobbing now, putting his head in between the shoulder and chest of Luke and crying into his shirt with the pain of loss.

"Nothing will ever stop me from loving you Will, I want us to be together, but I can't be with you if I let this go on in the lab without doing something"

Will nodded lightly, still distraught but slightly understanding his reasons; despite the fact that they hurt so much. Before heading off, Luke leant down and placed a gentle kiss on Will's lips, turning and heading off into the night.

XXX

The lab was familiar, but no more welcoming. The pungent odour of disinfectant combined with the constant screeching of leather shoes against tiles added a dark and sickening aura to the place. Luke tried his best not to be sick as he walked down the corridors, the guards now recognising him, as a small table was wheeled past with a white sheet over it; obscuring a tiny body beneath. On he went, the doors now turning into a blur of letters and numbers, his eyes on glancing

over them briefly before he found the one. He knocked and, hearing no response, let himself in. The room was warm, warmer than the rest of the facility, and yet it was still as cold as ever, tainted with the evil passing through its doors every day. He placed the briefcase that contained the explosives directly under the desk. Inconspicuous enough so that it looks normal, but angled just right to annihilate the intended target. He pulled out the timer and set it to half an hour, looking at the clock and measuring how long before Brenner had his daily meeting with Edward. Setting the lock on the catch, effectively arming the bomb, he left the room untouched, closed it behind him and left the facility, nodding merrily to the desk assistant on the way out.

"Well that was a waste of time" Edward said, slamming the door behind him.

"Tell me about it" Brenner sighed, throwing his papers on the desk.

"Why do we need to even find this subject, she's nothing compared to 16" Edward asked, clearly frustrated. "We killed one of our other subjects just to get nowhere with finding her. She's probably dead."

"No, she is definitely alive and in Hawkins itself; we have had reports of a strange girl with short hair being sighted for ages. We just need to pinpoint her. Another thing is, despite 16 being far stronger; he does not possess the ability to find people using just a picture; that's why we need to find subject eleven" Brenner finished, rubbing his temples in frustration once more; the clock ticking ominously in the background.

"What do we do about 13?" Edward asked.

"Keep on searching for her, she's not too powerful so I think when we do get her back we will just have to dispose of her" Brenner said darkly.

"I'll process the reports from today then" Edward said, turning and leaving the room.

He walked down the tiled corridor, humming some punk rock tune to himself when an ear splitting explosion flung him down the corridor,

making him land about ten metres away from when he originally stood. He turned around to see a blackened crater where the offices once stood; immediately becoming aware of a searing pain in his left face. As he put his hand to it, he could feel the splintered bone and the ragged flesh as well as the blistered skin around it. Looking at his hand, he could see the crimson painted on it as he looked, fascinated, at the scene in front of him. He was slipping away, until the world went black.

11. Chapter 11

Chapter 11 – The End

A/N: Here it is the final chapter. Thankyou to all the support I've received throughout the story and I know that I haven't updated in a while but exams and work has taken over my life and this is the first time I've been able to sit down and write. I've been thinking of doing a one shot series with requests so please leave what you think of that idea in the comments. Reviews are my payment! Enjoy!

XXX

The scramble was instant, the blaring lights and bustling doctors once again tended to Edward. The ragged flesh on his face oozing with thick blood, the burns being more prevalent on his arms. The nurses rushed him into theatre where the doctors were waiting; similar groaning patients decked the halls as the victims of the blast were treated.

Hours later, Edward was wheeled out into the ward, the white bandages obscuring most of his face, only the odd bit of bloody or charred flesh visible in the odd gap between the white tapes. The moon once again drifts slowly over the horizon, eventually being replaced by the warm sun, beaming down into the room. Now conscious, his good eye scanned around the room, trying to make sense of the brilliant white surroundings.

"You were hit by an explosion" a seemingly omnipotent voice boomed in the room, making Ed flinch.

"Where?" he asked

"The laboratory. Your father, Doctor Brenner, was killed in the incident. He named you as his successor"

"Very well; I know who planted it, or at least, I think I know"

"Who do you think it was sir?" the doctor asked

"My Brother, Luke, have him brought here so we can interrogate him"

"Yes Sir" the doctor left the room, leaving Edward in silence once again.

XXX

The scramble at the house was akin to that of the hospital. Edward stuffed as much food, ammunition, supplies and money as he could before entering his brother's room and taking the SLR off of the wall, checking its chamber for ammunition. Before leaving he lit a candle in the hallway landing, making sure it wasn't to go out, racing downstairs he left for the utilities room and using a spanner broke the gas pipes connected to the heater. Taking one last look of the house he sprinted off into the woodland; the green camouflage concealing him from view.

Eventually, he reached his destination. The little covert gave him some comfort; he kicked off the little shelter and checked the little girl in it for cuts and injuries. Finding none, he hugged her tight once again before dragging her by her hand through the forest.

"We've got to go 13, bad men are coming"

"Papa?" She asked timidly, still running through the forest

"Papa's dead, I made sure of that"

"Where go?" she asked with her limited vocabulary.

"I've got somewhere to go, found it last month" His heart now felt like bursting but onwards he ran. If he slowed down now they would find them quickly and he didn't want to think what would happen if he got caught.

What seemed like hours later, although was probably minutes; they finally came across the spot. A wooden shack; dilapidated and run down but still offering some protection from the elements, came into view.

"Here it is" Luke said, gasping for breath.

"Home" 13 said, taking in the sight of the inconspicuous little building.

They entered the building, checking cautiously for anyone who may have already been there. In one corner, a camouflage tarpaulin lay stretched over some tattered beams; a small electric heater nestled in one corner and a trap door leading to a cavity below.

The reason why I didn't bring you here first is because it's too out of the way. I wouldn't have been able to bring you food without anyone thinking something was up" Luke explained, setting out a couple of sleeping bags and giving her a tinfoil package with a curry like mixture in it. He placed the spare items under the trap door and cocked the rifle, the metallic ring making him flinch ever so slightly.

"Thankyou" thirteen said, her innocent eyes welling up in tears as she lay down on her sleeping bag.

Luke pulled out his pistol from his belt.

"If any of the bad men come for you, I want you to use this" he handed her the black metal object.

"What you do is you point at them and squeeze this trigger here. Don't point it at me or you otherwise it could hurt us. If you don't have to use it, don't. But if you do, make sure it counts" he showed her the features of the pistol before turning the safety back on and handed her it back again.

"I've got something to take care of, if I'm not back in one hour, take the stuff from underneath there and run as far as you can. Stay in hiding and stay safe" he ruffled what little hair she had before turning to leave at the door, her sunken eyes staring right at him.

He walked through the forest, rifle ready to hand, as he furtively made his way through the woods; the leafy foliage giving him apt cover from any prying eyes. The adrenaline coursed through his body, making his hands shake. The fear he felt wasn't for him, he was ready to fight to the death, but for 13 and Will. If they ever found either of them or found Will helping, he knew he would be forced to watch their deaths.

It was a thought that made him shudder.

Focusing back on the task, Luke made his way towards the rear of the Byers' household. Seeing Will drawing at his table, he took off his watch and shone the bright summer sun into his eyes to grab his attention. Will flinched as the light blinded him, before seeing Luke in the woods. He went out, acting casually to distract any attention from them and met with him behind a bush.

"What the hell is the matter" he asked.

"Brenner's dead, the entire CIA is looking for me and Edward is probably hell bent on revenge. Forget you ever saw me and move on. 13 is no longer at the usual spot. Go, forget about me." Luke half panted, glancing everywhere cautiously for anybody watching.

"What? You're not making sense" Will said, visibly upset.

"Listen Will. In the next three days it is highly possible I will be dead. Please, forget about me like nothing happened" Luke hugged him tightly one last time before breaking away and leaving a crying Will behind him as he disappeared into the forest.

XXX

The thundering explosion echoed across the forest, the fireball soaring into the sky like a fiery eagle.

"What the hell was that?" a military officer asked Edward.

"A distraction, we need to target the ones he knows in order to find him"

"May you remind me who this guy is?" the officer asked, doubting Edward's plan.

"He is a trained soldier and a good one at that, Luke is one of the best marksmen I have ever known and with his knowledge he can't be allowed to live"

"Where do we go then" the officer threw his hands up in the air.

"Find the Byers' residence. Target them first" Edward answered coldly.

XXX

The parade of armoured vehicles pulled up unceremoniously into the driveway, men clad in green and carrying assault rifles poured out of the trucks and took position behind them, aiming their guns at the building. Edward stepped out, un-phased by the commotion of the soldiers, and drew his pistol.

Seeing the commotion and the trucks pull up, Joyce immediately ran to the door. She opened it and started to march towards the bandaged man with the lab coat on, getting about five steps in before said man raised his pistol and delivered one fatal shot between her eyes, sending her crashing to the floor and a pool of blood oozing out from the exit wound.

Will saw what happened and screamed in terror, the image of his dead mother forever scarred onto his mind. He fled into the garden before a perfectly aimed taser sent him into a fit on the ground, his tiny body being racked with the current passing through him.

The next thing he knew, a blinding light shone straight into his eyes and a masked man sat opposite him. His hands were bound to a stool using rope.

"Where am I? What did you do to my mom!" he demanded, struggling against your constraints.

"Your mother is dead, if you don't do as you say, that's how you will end up as well" the voice replied coldly.

"Where is Luke Brenner" the voice behind the mask demanded.

"I don't know" Will answered honestly.

"You're lying" the masked man pressed a button, making Will's muscles go tense. After a while the current stopped and Will threw up a load of water onto the tiled floor.

"Where is Luke Brenner?" he repeated, even more determinedly this

time.

Again the pulse repeated. Over and over the charge shocked him, each time his voice becoming fainter and fainter until eventually it was just a whisper.

"Take him with us, restrain him" the masked man ordered as two guards grabbed him and dragged him out of the room, a hood being placed onto him, blinding him from the world.

XXX

The crunch of leaves was Luke's only companion to his heartbeat. The sun had set and now mauve shades streaked the night sky, the deep blue sky itself looming over him like a veil. Crouching and sighting his scopes, he scanned the woodland for any signs of movement yet again before returning to the cabin.

13 was huddled in a corner, trying desperately to keep warm. He took off his coat and gave it to her, adding to the cocoon of fabric she had made around herself. Luke climbed up the ladder into a slightly less decayed part of the loft, resting his rifle on a gap in the roof tiles, giving him a concealed point to fire on any intruders. The sun drifted slower and slower over the horizon, 13 got into the sleeping bag as Luke kept watch, his eyes not blinking on the dark shadows of the woods.

Luke awoke with a start, the whizz of a bullet awakening him from his slumber. He rushed down to see 13 awake as well, the fear in her eyes making him panic. He took aim, ready to fire at any intruder but as he did so, the rattle of machine gun fire opened up and sent wood and bits of shrapnel flying in the cabin. Throwing himself over 13, Luke waited for the firing to stop before he grabbed her hand and ran out the back. Onwards they ran before the rumble of armoured vehicles filled the air making them twist at right angles. Once again met with the same rumble, Luke was beginning to despair. Seeing a ditch close by, he shoved 13 into it before running off himself, firing a couple of shots in the air once far away enough, to grab their attention. The rumbling grew louder and soon the crackle of bullets filled the air as Luke ran through the woods. Seeing his only hope, he dove down into a deep ditch, concealed by trees and heavy foliage on

one side and waited for the soldiers. Taking a deep breath he calmed himself for the coming storm, his rifle shaking slightly in his hands.

The first troop broke through the cover and into the clearing. Luke took aim and fired a single shot into his shoulder, sending him whizzing round and bleeding out. Sure enough, two other soldiers came to try and retrieve their wounded friend; but they too were picked off by Luke's accurate fire. Seeing what was happening, the soldiers behind them blew their whistles and fired on Luke, their bullets kicking up the dirt in front of him, narrowly going over his head. Luke returned fire, sending lead into the foliage; every once in a while a shot being met with a sickening thud or crack as metal met flesh. He pulled out one of the small pipe bombs he had stored in the cabin and lit the fuse, throwing it into the foliage. A second of silence followed; then a deafening blast lit up the valley; the bushes been blown to pieces as dead and wounded men lay in the open. More soldiers followed, Luke aiming carefully before firing at them, picking each one off. Eventually they too found cover and it returned to the blind firing between them. Heavier fire was exchanged more and more soldiers joining the fray against Luke.

Suddenly, the clearing went quiet, the firing stopped and Luke braced himself for the continued fire, but was met with yet more silence. The smoke cleared and eventually a single figure stood in the clearing with two figures bent over and kneeling on the floor. Luke didn't recognise them at first.

"Come here Luke, that's no way to greet your dear brother" Edward said sardonically.

The realisation hit him; the scarred and mangled face belonged to his brother, now standing in front of him with two prisoners at his mercy.

"Let the others go Edward, they didn't do anything. This is between me and you" Luke said, keeping the rifle pointed towards his brother.

"Luke there's no point in trying to threaten me, you ran out of bullets long ago" Edward sighed.

Edward leant down and pulled the hoods off of the two Prisoners,

revealing a dishevelled 13 and Will kneeling down. The blood ran cold in Luke's veins.

"Let them go Edward, they aren't part of this" Luke half pleaded, noticing the maddened look in Edward's eyes.

"Do you remember what happened in the Falkland's Luke? We made a pact then; after the war. An eye for an Eye" Edward said darkly.

"This is for causing this" he motioned to his face with the pistol "And for murdering my father" When he finished his sentenced he pointed the pistol at 13 first and squeezed the trigger, her lifeless body slumping over into the dirt, swivelling his hand without breaking eye contact from Luke he pointed the gun at Will and did the same, sending his brains flying out into the bullet ridden dirt, some of which got on Luke's face.

Seeing the gore, Luke felt something in his brain snap. His eyes grew dark, his heart rate slowed and he wanted nothing more than to butcher everyone there. Seeing red, he ran towards Edward who shot him in the left arm, sending him to the floor in pain.

"Now we are even. One bullet each, ten paces. One of the officers will judge" He handed a revolver to Luke, who understood the gesture and got up, clutching his wounded arm.

The two stood back to back and drew their guns.

"Goodbye coward" Edward said.

"If I die first, I get the honour of dragging you to hell personally" Luke quipped darkly, his eyes still a violent blackness.

The two marched slowly, counting out the paces.

"One, Two, Three, Four, and Five..." the two braced themselves.

Upon reaching ten, each stopped, still facing the opposite way. An officer in the middle readied himself, their breaths hitching in the early morning air.

The birds chirped haplessly in the sunlight, their orchestra serenading

the dark event happening below the trees, trying to drown out its evil, malice and blackness with its light and cheerful song. Luke took in the sound, closing his eyes briefly to savour the moment.

"Draw!" The officer shouted. Everything seemed to happen in slow motion.

Luke whipped around on his feet, ignoring the stabbing throb of his left arm and raised his pistol, aiming it squarely at the gap just to the left of Edward's sternum. He squeezed the trigger and sent the lead bullet flying through the air; but not before it reached its target; a sickening crack echoed inside Luke's body, as Edward's bullet hit his chest in the exact same spot.

Both whipped around with the force of the shots, odd gurgling noises coming out of their mouths as their lungs filled with blood, spilling out onto the muddy earth. Luke somehow managed to crawl to Will's lifeless body. Taking his bloody head in his hands and weeping over it one last time. He kissed his forehead gently, missing the open wound where the bullet flew out of before slumping down onto the ground. He gazed up into the tree canopy; their long tendrils fringing his vision as the blue sky above him hung lazily over the scene; silent witness to this murder of innocence. His sight grew dark and his head grew hazy. He could no longer feel the piercing wound in his side nor could he feel the wound in his arm. The trees grew longer and longer, swallowing his vision entirely before all turned to black as he sighed out one last strangled breath and his body fell limp.

The Evil of Brenner was finally over.

The End

XXX

That's it! Thankyou for reading and I hope it wasn't too dark for you. I'm thinking of doing a one shot series with requests off of you guys and they can be as dark or as light as you want, I don't mind writing either way. Please leave a review if you liked this story and if you have any suggestions for the one shot series. Goodbye!